

Have You Renewed Your Subscription?

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
11 JAN 1897

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and Art

NUMBER 777
VOL. XXVII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1897.

\$3 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

Charles Scribner's Sons' New Books.

NEW BOOKS BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

Two notable books from the pen of Mr. Barrie were published during the fall, each of them unique in quality and character. The first of these, "Sentimental Tommy," was the success of the year during its serial publication, and its immediate success in book form confirms the judgment of its first readers—that it is one of the genuine masterpieces of modern fiction. The other book, "Margaret Ogilvy," possesses an equal interest, though of an altogether different kind. It is an affectionate and exquisitely delicate sketch of Mr. Barrie's mother, which is necessarily also a sketch of his own life and surroundings as well as his work; in its manner a sort of true "Window in Thrums."

THIRD EDITION.

MARGARET OGILVY

By her Son. With portrait. 12mo, \$1.25.

"A book which it is almost sacrilegious to criticise. Yet just because it is inaccessible to ordinary comment, it is easy to place the volume, as it stands unmatched in literature as an idyl of the divinest of human feelings—a mother's love. This is Mr. Barrie's finest and noblest book."—*British Weekly*.

"'Margaret Ogilvy' can never lose its mastery over the tears and smiles of future generations. It is a masterpiece of humor and pathos."—*N. Y. Herald*.

FOURTH EDITION.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

The Story of his Boyhood. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

"A work of fiction that is as original as it is fascinating. Here, indeed, is life itself and all the accompaniments thereof."
—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"Those who know a piece of life when they find it, and who care for the ultimate charm of a bit of pure literature, will read and re-read Mr. Barrie's masterpiece."
—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. Being a Record of Rambles in the Ancient Province of La Mancha. By AUGUST F. JACCACI. With 130 Illustrations by Daniel Vierge. 12mo, \$2.50.

"Without question one of the most attractive books of travel issued this year."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES. 1870-1895. By E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, President of Brown University. With 350 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, \$6.00.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN DEMOCRACY. Political and Economic Essays. By E. L. GODKIN. 8vo, \$2.00.

COLONIAL DAYS IN OLD NEW YORK. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. 12mo, \$1.25.

HAND-BOOK TO THE LABOR LAW OF THE UNITED STATES. By F. J. STIMSON. 12mo, \$1.50 net.

THAT FIRST AFFAIR, and Other Sketches. By J. A. MITCHELL, Editor of *Life*, Author of "Amos Judd." Illustrated by C. D. Gibson, A. B. Frost, F. T. Richards and the Author. 12mo, \$1.25.

A WINTER SWALLOW. With Other Verses. By EDITH M. THOMAS. 12mo, \$1.50.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC. Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By HENRY E. KREHBIEL. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.25 net.

THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT. By ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL. With 130 illustrations. 12mo, \$2.00.

"An enthusiastic story of some most interesting wanderings."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

"One of Mr. Stockton's best works."—*Boston Advertiser*.

LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES, and Other Stories. By H. C. BUNNER. With 12 full-page illustrations by A. Castaigne, W. T. Smedley, and Orson Lowell. 12mo, \$1.50.

"There are seven sketches in the volume, and not one of them without conspicuous merit."—*N. Y. Times*.

POEMS. By H. C. BUNNER. With Portrait. 12mo, \$1.75.

NANCY NOON. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. 12mo, \$1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*Better than Ever!**Always Improving!*

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

EDITED (SINCE 1881) BY JOSEPH B. GILDER AND JEANNETTE L. GILDER

A Proud Record

"The Critic has every reason to be proud of the record which it has made in the past fifteen years, as the leading literary weekly of the United States. . . . The paper is a credit to American literature both as a critical journal and as a newspaper. It has reached a stage of excellence that renders it indispensable to the man who desires to keep well posted on the news of the world of books and bookmen. It is a cyclopedia of the best literature of the language and it keeps in touch with the world of art and the drama as well."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

No Wading Through Rubbish

"With *The Critic* as a guide, one need not waste time wading through rubbish. And when one has enjoyed a book, it gives one a fresh pleasure to re-read what *The Critic* has said about it."—*New Haven News*.

Edited with Skill and Judgment

"The first literary journal in America."—*London Academy*.

"One need not always agree with its point of view to appreciate the vivacity, pungency and ability of its criticisms, and the skill and judgment which characterize its general editorial management. It ought to have its place on the table of every library in the country."—*The Outlook*.

At the Top

"No such exhaustive and complete record of contemporary literature is elsewhere to be found in any periodical of these times. *The Critic* long since took rank as the foremost literary paper in America."—*New York Times*.

Without a Rival

"There is no other publication in America that rivals *The Critic* in its field."—*New York Sun*.

Some contributors to THE CRITIC during the past sixteen years

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
JAMES LANE ALLEN.
SIR WALTER BESANT.
Prof. W. H. BISHOP.
Mme. BLANC ("TH. BENTZON").
JOHN BURROUGHS.
A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.
HELEN GRAY CONE.
F. MARION CRAWFORD.
AUSTIN DOBSON.
EDWARD EGLESTON.
JOHN FISKE.
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.
Dr. GEORGE P. FISHER.
President GILMAN.
Johns Hopkins.
RICHARD WATSON GILDER.
EDMUND GOSSE.
Rev WASHINGTON GLADDEN.
Dr. W. E. GRIFFIS.
HORATIO HALE.
Prof. J. A. HARRISON.

J. C. HARRIS ("Uncle Remus").
JOHN HAY.
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
Mrs. BURTON HARRISON.
W. E. HENLEY.
T. W. HIGGINSON.
JULIA WARD HOWE.
T. A. JANVIER.
GEORGE KENNAN.
RUDYARD KIPLING.
Prof. S. P. LANGLEY.
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.
GERALD STANLEY LEK.
Prof. T. R. LOUNSBURY.
Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL.
DONALD G. MITCHELL.
SIMON NEWCOMB.
Prof. C. E. NORTON.
President PATTON.
Princeton.
Prof. F. T. PALGRAVE.
Oxford.

President PORTER, Yale.
Bishop H. C. POTTER.
CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
Dr. W. J. ROLFE.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
W. J. STILLMAN.
FRANK R. STOCKTON.
R. H. STODDARD.
Prof. M. C. TYLER.
MAURICE THOMPSON.
EDITH M. THOMAS.
Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE.
Mrs. S. VAN RENSSELAER.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
Dr. ANDREW D. WHITE.
Prof. CHARLES A. YOUNG.
I. ZANGWILL.

THE CRITIC CO., 287 Fourth Ave., New York

TEN CENTS A COPY

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

NEW YORK
FOR SALE AT
THE OFFICE AND
AT BRENTANO'S

The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1897

LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
4 TRAFALGAR SQ.

A Tendency of Modern Criticism

LITERARY CRITICISM has always been of two main kinds: the objective, which applies rules and believes in standards; the subjective, which, with less care for canons, gives freer play to personal impressions. Some of the later doyens of letters belong to the impressionistic school, but of old the weight of authority was with those who appealed to tradition. And there was an authority in this method, a stability and dignity in the judgments thus reached, which made them imposing, even admirable. Nisard summed up the creed in saying:—"I could not love without preferring, and I could not prefer without doing injustice." The personal equation is here reduced to the vanishing point. Jeffrey, with his famous critique of Wordsworth beginning, "This will never do," affords a fine example of the same thing. A nobler illustration is Matthew Arnold, whose appeal to comparisons and insistence on a standard are academic, in the best sense. In the hands of such a man objective criticism is discovered to be full of virtues. But with an older school—with Boileau in France, to name one leader—the danger was a stiffening into the mechanical, loss of breadth, and insensitiveness to an enlightened enjoyment as the ultimate test.

With Sainte-Beuve, however (still looking to France, the land of criticism *par excellence*), came a change. Taine, Renan, younger men like Jules Lemaitre, with all their personal variations, admit more of the subjective, see the subject through the color of their temperament: and of modern criticism as a whole it may be said that it has become autobiographical. The critic announces: "Gentlemen, I propose to talk of myself in relation to Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal, Goethe." In some cases this is pushed to an absurd or offensive degree, until we get such a parody on literary judgments as the alleged remarks on English poetry of a professor in the class-room, published of late in one of the magazines. But Mr. William Paine, in his recent book, "Little Leaders," goes too far in his condemnation of the subjective test. Many of our ablest and most charming writers favor it: Stevenson, for an Englishman (who isn't English), Howells, for an American. And its advantages are obvious: appreciating the truth in *ae gustibus*, the critic gives his opinion for what it is worth, tolerant of dispute or dissent. He becomes intimate with us: we are more likely to love him. In addition to stimulation in literature, we are having dealings with a strong, pleasing personality, perhaps. The gain here is all in the direction of life, savor, reality. On the other hand, a besetting sin of this method is lack of culture. Anyone can set up to write esoteric criticism. But when, as with M. Lemaitre, there is wide reading, an assimilation of the best models, the issue, be it confessed, is delightful.

In all likelihood, the question will always be debatable. The modern tendency, no doubt, leans towards the subjective; individualism for the moment is paramount in literature. The pendulum swings to that side of equilibrium. Personal preference is the starting-point of all honest enjoyment and appreciation of literature. To praise a book because we think it ought to be praised, not because we find it praiseworthy, is intellectual suicide. Yet few of us wish to go so far as to deny that literary art has some permanent laws and standards. The slow consensus of the best opinion (with some erratic individual variations) rallies around the works which obey these laws and conform to these standards. To listen to the still, small voice within, and yet to find a reason-for-being in the voice of time and authority, that is the delicate and difficult business of the serious-minded critic. The present-day tendency alluded to is an exaggeration, but, if excess, it must be wholesomer, truer than the other, earlier

excess, which stretched every literary creation upon the narrow Procrustean bed of convention and judged its size thereby.

RICHARD BURTON.

Literature

"France Under Louis XIV"

(*Le Grand Siècle.*) *Its Arts—Its Ideas.* From the French of Émile Bourgeois, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE "GRAND SIÈCLE," which seems to us, at so many points, the century of conceit, is the subject of M. Bourgeois's curious but not profound study, which has been translated into very readable English by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Our author finds his subject interesting, because, although the great century is "classic" and people wore wigs, there was yet some free and intelligent life to be observed—in private and in the streets; which is as much as to say that it is interesting where it is not "grand." Consequently, we are not overmuch troubled with the great doings of the period. We hear little of the Sun-King's wars, much more of his pleasures. Our author finds more to say about Boule, the cabinet-maker, than about Molière; and armchairs and copper kettles are described as fully as Lebrun's tedious masterpieces. It was a century which was really almost great in some little things—in chiselling copper, for instance; and very curious—to us—in its really dull magnificence. M. Bourgeois begins at the beginning, with the youth and education of the King; and, following the lesson learned from the Goncourts, of the ease with which history may be illustrated from old prints and old furniture, reproduces Lagniet's picture of a noble and his wife of that gallant and well-dressed epoch, and engravings of the royal hunt at Vincennes, the "Royal Game of Goose," the theatre at Clermont and the scenery of the first opera presented at Paris, the "Noces de Thétis." Many reproductions of fancy costumes are given—neither graceful nor amusing.

The medallists of the time were kept busy by the vanity of the King, who had himself represented as Apollo enthroned upon the globe, or crowned with laurel like a Roman emperor, or surrounded with rays, as the sun. On the other hand, a series of satirical prints shows the revenue-farmers strung up to a gibbet, the crimes and sorceries of the poisoner Voisin, all ranks and classes running after the demon of money, and the idle noble and one of his wretched peasants in the parts of the spider and the fly. From these fragments of unpleasing truth we pass to the inventory of a courtier's wardrobe, all of lace and brocade, to silver spoons and gold watches, to golden ewers and silver orange-tree tubs. At the toilet of a lady of quality, a poet, crowned with laurel, reads his verses; the King receives the knights of the order of St. Louis in his bed-chamber; and he is the central figure in hundreds of tedious ceremonies and stupid allegories. We are treated to several portraits of Mlle. de la Vallière, and to a sketch of the funeral of Mlle. de Montpensier. The royal family is shown at chapel, at a concert, at the game of *trou-madame*. And, when we reach the old age of the monarch, the contemporary Dutch caricatures are drawn upon, to show us the Sun-King dying surrounded by priests and women, and dressed in a coat of many colors, representing the cities he had taken from his neighbors. There follow many chapters on the internal government of the kingdom, on the arts and literature, science and religion, all of the same light, gossiping character, illustrating rather than treating seriously their themes. The great merit of the book is as a collection of portraits and other engravings. In this respect there is a finish, a completeness about it that is far from ordinary.

"Jewish Life in the Middle Ages"

By Israel Abrahams. *The Macmillan Co.*

ANYONE who has read with interest Dr. Edersheim's admirable "History of the Jewish Nation," which closes about the fourth century after Christ, will be pleased to find the same subject taken up and carried forward, in an equally liberal and philosophic spirit, and with an even greater attractiveness of style, in this work. Like his predecessor, Mr. Abrahams has been careful to consult the best authorities, including not only modern historians and commentators, but also the works of eminent Jewish writers in their own language. The reader finds a vast unknown literature thus laid open to him, a literature in a strange tongue, long esteemed dead, yet really pulsating with surprising fullness of life. The specimens of mediæval and modern Hebrew poetry, in particular, which are quoted by the author and turned very happily into English verse, will be a pleasing surprise to those who have not before had occasion to study the subject. Not only religious and didactic poems, but amatory and jovial effusions, adorn this literature, and prove how closely akin in feelings and passions to other races were the members of this race who were deemed so widely separated from the rest.

It is our author's opinion that the separation of the Jews from the nations among whom they lived was in the first instance mainly due to the Jews themselves. The synagogue was the centre, not merely of their religious life, but also of their social and public action. In seeking to be near the synagogue, they naturally drew themselves off into a distinct part of the town, thus causing an estrangement when otherwise no hostile disposition existed. It was not till a very recent period that this estrangement culminated in the legally established "ghetto," or Jewry, which became a feature of every city containing a considerable population of Jews. This feature of Jewish life, which has sadly debased the Jewish character, seems to have had its origin in the Reformation. Two classes of Christians then arose, each accusing the other of heresy; and no better method of proving their orthodoxy seems to have occurred to them than that of urging upon the civil power the persecution of the Jews. Among the most violent of these advocates of persecution was Martin Luther, whose diatribes afford to this day the chief weapons of the German anti-Semites. But he was soon surpassed in bitterness by the Inquisition, which claimed as its work the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, in 1492—the first step in the degradation and downfall of that kingdom.

Thus it has happened that the three most deplorable centuries of Jewish life have been the three which preceded their emancipation by the French Revolution—the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth of our era. The terrible civil, religious and international wars of that period seem to have exhibited in Christendom every phase of anti-Christian turpitude. The Christian religion itself, buried under the African corruptions of Athanasius and Augustine, seemed to have lost all power of self-renovation, except in the minds of a few despised sectaries, such as the Quakers and the Moravian Brethren. Yet examples of the Christian virtues were not lacking among the Jews. This is not surprising, as the proper Christian virtues—meekness, purity, charity, non-resistance of evil—were those specially enjoined by the greatest of Jews, and by a long line of Jewish prophets and teachers before him. None of these virtues appeared among the fighting, exploring and land-grasping European nations of the three centuries in question, whose whole feudal and aristocratic system was built on a different class of sentiments, the sentiments which prevailed among the heathen Aryan conquerors of Europe in primeval times, and are still retained by their posterity.

One striking point in the popular treatment of the Hebrews is well brought out by Mr. Abrahams. During their last three centuries of seclusion and degradation, the Jewish man, driven to the meanest kinds of work for a livelihood,

or only rising above them by the practice of usury, was everywhere despised. But the Jewish woman, in whose domestic purity and sweetness the true character of the race was apparent, was always admired. On the stage and in fiction, "the Jewess was always beautiful, and was always intended to be lovable." Scott's Rebecca, who is commonly supposed to be a new and brilliant creation of the master of romance—founded upon Washington Irving's description, to Sir Walter, of a beautiful Jewish maiden of Philadelphia,—is in fact only one of the last embodiments of the idea, and was preceded by Shakespeare's Jessica, by Marlowe's Abigail, and other like manifestations of the same sentiment. From this remarkable fact it is evident that the semi-pagan lords of Europe, while still under the dominion of their heathen code of honor, could and did admire and respect the display of the Judaic Christian virtues, when exhibited in their brightest form.

"Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages"

By George Haven Putnam. Vol. II. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. PUTNAM has divided the general field covered by his subject into three parts, "Books in Manuscript," "The Earlier Printed Books" and "The Beginnings of Property in Literature." Of these the first part, and so much of the second as had to do with the beginnings of printing and the history of the great printing-firms of Italy, were included in the first volume (see *The Critic*, 30 May 1896). There remained for the second volume, which was brought out in December, a discussion of the development of printing and publishing in northern Europe, and a treatment of the vexed questions concerning the gradual recognition of individual ownership in literary work. The volume opens with an account of the early printer-publishers of France; particular attention is of course given to the Estiennes, the record of whose operations is traced to 1659. This is followed by a narrative of the introduction of printing into England, with a sketch of William Caxton. The services that the Kobergers of Nuremberg, Froben of Basel, the Plantin firm of Antwerp and the Elzevirs rendered to the cause of learning by promoting the distribution of the best works of ancient literature, are well stated; but no portion of the book will be found more interesting than the two chapters in which are set forth in contrast the quiet literary productiveness of Erasmus, and the zeal of Luther in taking advantage of the means afforded by publication to bring new doctrines before the people; to the enormous circulation of Luther's writings literary history up to that time had afforded no parallel. More technical in a way, but of not less interest, is the account which Mr. Putnam gives of the earlier forms of copyright and the development of the conception of literary property in Italy, Germany, France and England.

As in his other books, so in this, Mr. Putnam has throughout retained the publisher's point of view. While his fairness in handling troublesome questions has not been thereby affected, he has certainly shown an appreciation of the difficulties with which the early printers had to contend, such as would not be expected of one unfamiliar with the details of the business of publishing as carried on to-day. The perusal of these pages will inspire a feeling of admiration for the pioneer-publishers, whose attainments in scholarship in many cases surpassed those of the university professors, whose manly independence wrested from sovereigns and prelates the guarantees necessary to the successful prosecution of their business, and whose sense of responsibility to the cause of learning as well as to the public led them often to maintain a high standard of quality when financial returns were both meagre and uncertain. To have set forth in a clear light the contributions of the early publishers to the influences that make for culture, is the chief merit of Mr. Putnam's work.

Herbert Spencer's Last Volume

*The Principles of Sociology. Vol. III. By Herbert Spencer.
D. Appleton & Co.*

WITH Parts VII and VIII of his "Principles of Sociology," Herbert Spencer has at last finished the enormous task that he set himself more than thirty years ago. As he says in his preface, "there were to be ten volumes, and there are ten." In one respect, it is true, the original program has not been carried out. Thus the volume on "Progress—Linguistic, Intellectual, Moral, Æsthetic" has not been written, although, through unforeseen expansion in the Sociology, the intended number of volumes has been reached. But Spencer himself says of this omission:—"Obviously for an invalid of seventy-six to deal adequately with topics so extensive and so complex, is impossible," and we feel, on our part, that the Synthetic Philosophy is really complete without its concluding volume. For conclusions, that must have been philosophically vital, that must have encroached upon the prerogatives of the Unknowable, could not belong logically to the sort of synthesis of knowledge that Spencer has represented.

The Synthetic Philosophy is a great monument to an idea. The idea is none other than this, that knowledge is an end in itself, that philosophy has no place except as literally the science of the sciences—in short, that a metaphysical philosophy, in which the results of the sciences are related to ultimate reality, is impossible. Thus, the sciences are to be known only, and the mere knowledge of them synthetically is philosophy. "The Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable," said Spencer in his first volume, "The First Principles of a New System of Philosophy"; and again:—"The man of science, * * * more than any other, truly knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known." Of course, Spencerianism has always been welcome to abstract science, science pursued solely for its own sake, and to abstraction in life of any kind. It has saved the scientist from relating his discoveries to any of the tenets of his faith, whether religious or secular, and it has saved the man of affairs from any sense of responsibility—beyond his own individual pursuits. It has, then, been a convenient philosophy; a philosophy which, just by reason of its basis in agnosticism, has on the whole been of more strength to conservatism than to progress. Conservatives are not necessarily identified with existing institutions and conventions; they may be mere reactionists or radicals.

But, while all this is true, the Spencerian idea, with its abstraction of knowledge from any control of life, has had its share in social progress. Although the ultimate end and aim of knowledge is to liberate impulse, to free activity, yet in the cause of accuracy, the abstraction of knowledge for a time, even to the point of an agnosticism about its final relations, is desirable, or even necessary. Science defines the conditions of action, and there can be no doubt that the scientist in modern life has done well for a time to forget the action altogether, and to think only of the conditions; but at the end—and the end in a dozen ways would seem to be near at hand to-day—his knowledge must prove to be, not mere knowledge, but literally a believer's prayer to what Spencer has called the Unknowable. Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," read between the lines, in its sharp criticisms of Spencer says this exactly, and the times in general, whenever they are insisting upon the application of knowledge to life, are saying it, too.

So the completion of Spencer's great work marks also the decline of the idea that was its original inspiration. The Synthetic Philosophy, now present in its wholeness to the world, is a monument, a temple, to a God whom mankind has long been worshipping in ignorance, but who now is coming to be seen as the object of a clearly defined duty, of an indubitable responsibility. True, He was not to be known, but His unknowableness is only a blind way of seeing in the application of one's knowledge the only possible approach to Him. And this view of Spencer's relation to his times colors,

perhaps with a tinge of pathos, without detracting from the greatness of his work, the concluding paragraph of his latest preface:—

"On looking back over the six-and-thirty years which have passed since the Synthetic Philosophy was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it, and still more surprised by its completion. In 1860 my small resources had been nearly all frittered away in writing and publishing books which did not repay their expenses; and I was suffering under a chronic disorder, caused by over-tax of brain in 1855, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my work to three hours a day, and usually to less. How insane my project must have seemed to onlookers, may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished, one of my nervous breakdowns obliged me to desist. But imprudent courses do not always fail. Sometimes a forlorn hope is justified by the event. Though, along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

(See portrait on page 26.)

"Barker's Luck, and Other Stories"

By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE REAPPEARANCE of an old friend after sundry flashes of silence often causes a delightful satisfaction, which surpasses what he gave us when he habitually talked. The opulent garrulity of the modern storyteller resembles Sancho's flow when he quoted proverbs to the duchess: even Pactolus cannot always run grains of gold; and the reader rises with a sense of emptiness gathered from the very fullness of the feast. At rare and long intervals the poet sings, and these rare singing interludes are those that live. This is why the man of one book is always the world's favorite: there is but one "Psalms" of David, one "Iliad," one "Jerusalemme." Perhaps in all the Shakespearian banquet there is but one perfect dish that perfectly satisfies. Some of our short-story tellers remember this canon of their art: they write their masterpiece and lapse into golden silence. Others, like the restless mocking-bird, wake fitfully from slumber and begin fingering after the "lost chord," uncertain whether they shall ever overtake its elusive sweetness and bring it back from heaven.

Of this charming bird-kinship is Mr. Bret Harte, whose fitful climbs up Parnassus are punctuated with the *milliaria aurea* of original stories not one of which is the "lost chord," indeed, but many of which approach its vanishing charm. "Barker's Luck, and Other Stories" are all transmutations of the baser metal of Californian memories into the artist's gold, wrought into curious and elaborate forms of suggested comedy or tragedy. "A Yellow Dog" is the best of these eight short stories, and brings poor old Bones as vividly and pathetically before us as the "Odyssey" does the leaping, long-memoried dog of Odysseus. We do not remember a more delightful portrait, unless it be one of those marvellous creations of Sir Edwin Landseer. The blood-and-thunder note is very prevalent in Mr. Harte's diapason, perhaps because all of the stories draw their sap from Sierran soil; but an abounding humor cleverly dilutes the solemnity, and there is merely a sweet harmony of tinkling rain after portentous thunder-clouds. "Bulger's Reputation" is one of these *humoresques*, and "The Devotion of Enriquez" is another: quite delicious suggestions of scenes and situations possible only in the heroic age of the West. Occasionally the grammar and dialect strike a false note, jarring on the reader: no uneducated miner says "lie" for "lay," or uses the high-born "whom" known to Lindley Murray and his followers; but when it comes to describing slim Puritanic New England girls and bellowing missionaries out on the plains, or miners, gamblers, tumble-down Spanish mission towns, the

Gypsy riffraff of nomad settlements, Mr. Harte is perfect: "Satan stands behind the cross," as the Spanish proverb says; the human nature shines right through.

"Lyrics of Lowly Life"

By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN HIS kindly and yet judicious introduction to this little volume of poems, Mr. W. D. Howells suggests that it has a unique claim as "the first instance of an American Negro who has evinced innate distinction in literature." It is in so far interesting to the student of racial, or, indeed, of literary, development; yet we may agree with Mr. Howells that, if the author's personal history and environment had been all that was remarkable about the book, it would have called for no extended notice. Dr. Johnson's famous parallel between the preaching woman and the dancing bear would have at once occurred to the mind; that the thing should be done at all would have excited a momentary interest, and no more. But that is not all; there are, thinks Mr. Dunbar's sponsor, divinations and reports of what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people, whose poetry had hitherto been inarticulately expressed in music, but now finds, for the first time in our tongue, literary interpretation of a very artistic completeness. It is to these that we must look for the book's best title to attention and to praise. It is made up of three classes of verse—one in literary English, and two in what is generally called dialect, but is "really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language." The first, is throughout decidedly the weakest, as it was even with Burns. There is a frigidity of correctness, like the studied dictionary English of a foreigner, which would be unexceptionable in a commercial document, but throws cold water upon the fire of the poet; and this, as a rule, is varied only by the occasional lameness of accent, or non-perception of a shade of meaning, which is perfectly natural in the circumstances, though a bar to absolute praise. It would be a thankless task to select the examples of such things, like the bit from the "Ode to Ethiopia":—

"I know the pangs which thou didst feel,
When Slavery crushed thee with its heel,
With thy dear blood all gory."

or that other, from the "Ode for Memorial Day":—

"Dark were the days of the country's derangement,
Sad were the hours when the conflict was on,"

the last word rhyming, by the way (naturally enough), with "dawn." We prefer, before leaving this class of poems, to give one example of it at its best—"October,"—which, though not faultless, yet shows the true stuff of poetry:—

"October is the treasurer of the year,
And all the months pay bounty to her store;
The fields and orchards still their tribute bear,
And fill her brimming coffers more and more.
But she, with youthful lavishness,
Spends all her wealth in gaudy dress,
And decks herself in garments bold
Of scarlet, purple, red, and gold.

"She heedeth not how swift the hours fly,
But smiles and sings her happy life along;
She only sees, above, a shining sky;
She only hears the breezes' voice in song.
Her garments trail the woodlands through,
And gather pearls of early dew
That sparkle, till the roguish Sun
Creeps up and steals them every one.

"But what cares she that jewels should be lost,
When all of Nature's bounteous wealth is hers?
Though princely fortunes may have been their cost,
Not one regret her calm demeanor stirs.
Whole-hearted, happy, careless, free,
She lives her life out joyously,
Nor cares when Frost stalks o'er her way
And turns her auburn locks to gray."

Of the dialect poems some are in a speech perhaps best called rural, as there are no particular marks of local differentiation. This second class calls for less remark than either of the others; as Mr. Howells says of the first, "several people might have written them." It is in the other, or purely Negro, dialect, that the greatest power and promise are shown. Ranging from "appetite to emotion," they have a firm grasp on the characteristics of the race. Its frank enjoyment of life comes out in the admirable "Song of Summer," and in "Signs of the Times," a vivid description of the approach of Thanksgiving, with such touches as these:—

"Pumpkin gittin' good an' yallah
Mek me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it's a-lookin' at me,
Jes' a-la'in' dah sayin' 'Pies.'
Tu'key gobbler gwine roun' blowin',
Gwine roun' gibbin' sass an' slack;
Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
You ain't seed no almanac."

Its underlying melancholy looks out, for example, in "The Deserted Plantation," where, too, is the picturesque personifying imagination so familiar to readers of "Uncle Remus":—

"An' de swallers' roun' de whole place is a-bravin'
Lak dey thought deir folks had allus owned it all."

There are the vivid realization and application of Scripture scenes, in "An Ante-Bellum Sermon":—

"Now ole Pher'oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo'n,
An' he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin' in his co'n;
Twel de Lawd got tiahed o' his foolin',
An' sez he: 'I'll let him know—
Look hyeah, Moses, go tell Pher'oh
Fu' to let dem chillun go.'"

And there is the shrewd philosophy of "Accountability," with its triumphant conclusion:—

"Nuthin's done er ever happens, 'dout it's somefin' dats intended;
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's chickens."

As for love, which after all is the same in black and white, it is here too in "When Malindy Sings," which our readers may have seen elsewhere. The fact that this class of poems makes up but a small part of the whole—we have referred to fully half of them—seems to show that Mr. Dunbar has not fully realized where his strength lies. Perhaps he will learn it before he publishes another volume.

"Colonial Days in Old New York"

By Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. EARLE, who has won our hearts and heads by opening windows into early New England life, now bids us come and study the state which was founded by the brave republicans across the sea, even while fighting giant Spain. Yet she does not describe New Netherland alone, but rather the Dutch and English New York, down to the time when it became American and independent. She acknowledges, however, that, even when the name New Netherland had almost been forgotten, New York State remained, both in outer life and at heart, a Dutch colony, while Dutch influence is to-day a force unspent in the making of American commonwealths. Taken as a whole, the book is a just and most worthy tribute to the beginners of the Empire State. Mrs. Earle is not half-hearted in her praises of the virtues of the Dutch forbears, both fathers and mothers, whose social morals, she insists, were higher than those in the English colonies. She knows well how to discount the early descriptions, by English clergymen, of the excessive wickedness of the Dutch people of Albany, Schenectady and other settlements. Almost every one of the first Dutch settlers, traders

and people of any standing in New Netherland was, by the political necessity of the case, a Calvinist, a Republican, a Unionist, a member, or at least an adherent, of the National Reformed Church, and, therefore, at least a fairly decent and civilized person. There were, of course, exceptions, and a seaport like New Amsterdam or New York, in those rough days, attracted a vast number of persons of uncertain reputation and character, but the average of life in New Netherland was high, and the general tenor of Mrs. Earle's book proves this.

She tells us about education and child-life and courtship and marriage, shows us what the town homes and the farm-houses were, reveals the wonderful superiority of the Dutch larder over the average colonial table and store-room, and shows pretty much the same thing about the colonial wardrobe. The wife, the mother, the sister in New Netherland was a helpmate and companion with business abilities and public spirit. Amusements and sports, crimes and punishments, church and Sunday in old New York are described with not too much detail. Excellent as the book is, and ungracious as may seem the criticism, a little more knowledge of the records and general atmosphere of life in the regions north of Manhattan Island, and a little less of the essential oil of Washington Irving, would have been better. Probably everyone acquainted with the inside of early New York life will have his own annotations to make upon this pleasant book, and the reviewer would suggest that the "cruller," which none of our dictionaries seems to be able to derive properly, is traditionally, at least, named after the doughty Dutch captain and church elder at Rensselaerwyck, Crol; and the "Kisky-Thomas-nuts" were nothing more than hickory-nuts gathered in immense quantities near, and sent from, Kiskatom, in Greene County, New York. Why does not such a good book-maker as Mrs. Earle, furnish indexes to her works? Every good Dutch housekeeper was famous for the bunch of keys that hung from her waistband and was the sign of dignity and authority. Would that every writer who furnishes facts and not fiction would take the hint, and have keys along with the treasure-rooms.

Robed in true Delft colors of blue and white, such as the maids and matrons of old Netherland still affect, Mrs. Earle's book is stamped on the side with the pretty design of a Dutch tablecloth, in the centre of which are the arms of the City of New York—a set of windmill sails between which are the two beavers that represent the good money and standard of value of early days, and the meal barrels which tell how quickly the millers and coopers established their industries. The unlearned, or those too well-read in Washington Irving, are sure to mistake these for "beer kegs"—as even one reviewer has already done. As matter of fact, however, Dutchmen drink comparatively little beer. Their national drink is of a stronger quality, and is taken in smaller quantities.

"The Quest of the Golden Girl"

By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane.

CHARM is the word which best describes the pervading quality of this book—charm, which sometimes makes plain women beautiful, and without which even the most beautiful can never wholly please. There is really no confusion of thought in the last sentence, for this book, as befits its subject, is essentially a feminine book—delicately winding its way into our affections as a Golden Girl herself might do. "This," too, it might be said in the words of generous praise which passed from one artist to another,

"This is the golden book of spirit and sense,
The Holy Writ of beauty."

The story of which that was written is also the story of a search for ideal perfection in a world "où il y a tant d'avortons pour un Antinoïs, tant de Gothons pour une Philis"; but it differs from this by the difference between a tragic, impassion-

ed Frenchman and a philosophic, if whimsical, Englishman. Very domestic, too, is the Englishman's ideal, though pursued through adventures romantic enough to escape reprobation by a generation which finds Coventry Patmore's dream of wedded bliss dull and old-fashioned, and the women of whose fiction, instead of marrying and living happily ever afterwards, are inexorably obliged to "do."

The quest is first inspired by the loneliness of an old house, following the marriage of a dearly loved sister, and it ends with "the running of little feet." But between the two, as we have hinted, there are fine revels of a vagrant imagination. Mr. Le Gallienne is supposed to be insufficiently appreciated in America: if there are any whose conscience accuses them of having unduly neglected him, and who wish now to begin his acquaintance, let them go with him on this quest, and say if they have not found him all that has been told them. Bookish people, moreover, will find a delightful literary flavor about the most original experiences, which may, even in the most Puritan circles, justify a certain frankness hardly usual in present-day books, but bearing a distinct kinship to the outspoken unconsciousness of older literature; as when, in the course of the most delightful episode of the romancer's journey, his Nicolette (neither Mr. Lang's nor Mr. Mosher's) bravely faces a most embarrassing situation with a laugh and "It is like something out of Sterne." Indeed, if we have already found affinities with Gautier, it is not less true to see in certain whole aspects of this exceedingly Sentimental Journey a likeness to the humorous tenderness of the eighteenth-century voyager. The hero wanders on from adventure to adventure, the honey-bee flits from flower to flower, until at the last he finds what he has seen in vision and sought so long, in the strangest place—and yet, after all, a place which will seem neither strange nor startling to those who know their De Quincey; finds her only to lose her again after two years of happiness.

But besides the delight of all these adventures, of Hebe and Nicolette and Rosalind and Sylvia, and the touching close with Elizabeth, there are by the way many shrewd and fresh reflections on life in itself, and on life as reflected in letters. The author himself peeps out especially in the latter, as in the chapter "in which the Name of a great Poet is cried out in a lonely Place," or when he lays down that "with books so inexpensive and accessible to all as they are to-day, no one need run any risks of marrying the wrong woman. * * * With a list of her month's reading and a photograph, a man ought to be able to make up his mind about any given woman, even though he has never spoken to her. * * * One short afternoon is enough for any two book-lovers, though they may have met for the first time in the morning, to make up their minds whether or not they have been born for each other." In fact, there are few passages of the book which would have been quite the same if Mr. Le Gallienne had been less well-read than he is. Here, for instance, on one page Chaucer and Browning go to make his thought richer and fuller, and the very mention of his setting out at the will of the Spring, "with no more freedom in the matter than the children who followed at the heels of the mad piper," gives us a beautiful passage which would well bear transcription, were it not that, if we once began to quote, we should quote too much and perhaps spoil the book for those who fortunately have it still to read.

"Dictionary of National Biography"

Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLVI: Pocock-Puckering. The Macmillan Co.

THE STUDENT of literature will find but one name of the first magnitude in this volume—that of Pope; unless we add that of Jane Porter, the author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs." The latter, however, notwithstanding the undiminished popularity of these two works, can hardly be placed in the front rank, though we heartily agree with her biographer in this volume, Miss Elizabeth Lee, that "'The Scottish Chiefs' is one of the few historical novels prior to 'Waverley' that will live." As

there exists no satisfactory biography of Jane Porter, the student will heartily welcome Miss Lee's judicial, impartial and thorough sketch, which rightly concludes that the tradition that Scott acknowledged in conversation with George IV that the "Chiefs" was the begetter of the Waverley novels "must be regarded as apocryphal."

Of Popes there are many in this volume—from the most famous of them all downwards. The biography of the author of "The Rape of the Lock" has rightly been intrusted to Mr. Leslie Stephen, who has produced an excellent article on a (to him) most sympathetic subject. Of Pope's much discussed and abused personal character he says: "The truest statement seems to be that he was at bottom, as he represents himself in the epistle to Arbuthnot, a man of really fine nature, affectionate, generous and independent; unfortunately, the better nature was perverted by the morbid vanity and excessive irritability which led him into his multitudinous subterfuges." And Mr. Stephen considers his "tenderness to his parents, his real affection for such friends as Arbuthnot, Gay and Swift, his almost extravagant admiration of Bolingbroke and Warburton" as characteristic of the man. Yet he is forced, apropos of the publication of Swift's letters in 1741, to seek "the only apology for a disgusting transaction" in the fact "that Pope did not know at starting how many and what disgraceful lies he would have to tell"!

The sketch of Richard Porson, the great Greek scholar, whose epigram on "the Germans in Greek" has been the subject of some discussion in recent numbers of *The Critic*, is by Prof. R. C. Jebb, M. P., who considers that "no vicissitudes in the tendencies of classical study can ever obscure the fame of Porson. He brought extraordinary gifts and absolute fidelity to his chosen province, leaving work most important in its positive and permanent result, but remarkable above all for its quality—the quality given to it by his individual genius, by that powerful and penetrating mind, at once brilliant and patient, serious and sportive by turns, but in every mood devoted, with a scrupulous loyalty, to the search for truth."

A Model Citizen

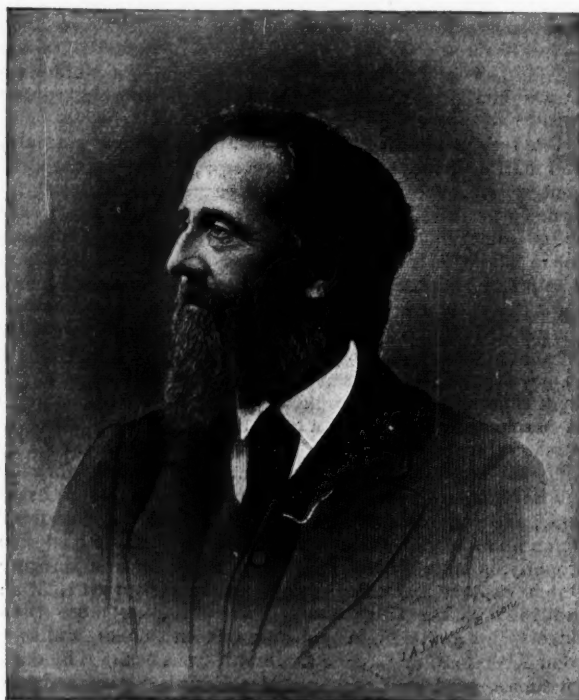
THE LATE HENRY L. PIERCE, who died in the latter part of December, at the home of his friend, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, at Boston, Mass., may fairly be said to have been a model citizen. He was a business man who spent wisely and well the ample income his shrewdness and energy had secured to him; a lover of what was good in art and literature; a just and generous employer; a devoted friend; and an advocate and exponent of what is best in public life. As Mayor of Boston, he served his party only by serving the whole people; and, indeed, it was the people rather than a party that elected him. He was a vigorous opponent, both in and out of office, of all that makes politics too often a thing of ill repute, and his declination to become the Governor of Massachusetts, when he might have done so had he chosen, was regarded as a public misfortune. The same high-mindedness that marked his conduct of public affairs impressed itself no less upon his management of the private business in which his fortune was amassed. It pervaded all his thoughts and actions, and made intellectual contact with him an enjoyable stimulus to persons of kindred spirit.

Mr. Pierce's friendship with Mr. Aldrich was too old and too intimate not to have been a matter of public knowledge for many years. Less well-known, perhaps, than this mutually creditable intimacy, was the fact that the poet had in part earned and in part inherited a competence that freed him from the temptation to employ his pen in other ways or at other times than were congenial; the rare quality and comparatively limited amount of his literary output being partly due to this happy circumstance. On Mr. Pierce's death, it was found that he had left to his friend a life interest in his own house and land at Ponkapog; also, the furniture therein; to Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich the sum of \$200,000; and to each of their twin sons a legacy of \$100,000.

The liberality and range of Mr. Pierce's testamentary benefactions were so great that we need offer no apology for printing the list in full—partly as a counsel of perfection to other rich men.

To the Methodist, Baptist, Orthodox, Unitarian and Catholic societies of the village of Dorchester Lower Mills, where Mr. Pierce lived, and the Episcopal Society of Ashmont, \$3000 each; to the town of Stoughton, \$25,000 for the purchase of books for a free public library; Harvard University, \$50,000; Massachusetts General Hospital, \$50,000; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$50,000; Museum of Fine Arts, \$50,000; Massachusetts Homœo-

pathic Hospital, \$50,000; Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, \$20,000; Children's Hospital in Huntington Avenue, Boston, \$20,000; Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School



HENRY L. PIERCE

for the Blind, \$20,000; New England Hospital for Women and Children, \$20,000; Home for Aged Men, West Springfield Street, Boston, \$20,000; Home for Aged Women, 108 Revere Street, Boston, \$20,000; Home for Aged Couples, Walnut Avenue, Boston, \$20,000; Home for Aged Colored Women, Myrtle Street, Boston, \$5000; Channing Home, McLean Street, Boston, \$5000; Boston Home for Incurables, Dorchester Avenue, \$20,000; Boston Children's Aid Society, \$5000; Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, Cambridge, Mass., \$20,000; Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, \$20,000; Boston Lying-in Hospital, McLean Street, \$20,000; Commandery of the State of Massachusetts, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, \$5000. Any residue that may remain after paying all the legacies is to be divided equally among the Museum of Fine Arts, the President and Fellows of Harvard, the Massachusetts General Hospital, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital.

The will bequeaths the following sums to the officers and employees of Walter Baker & Co., Limited, of which corporation Mr. Pierce was the head: J. Frank Howland, President; Charles F. and Talbot B. Aldrich, Directors, and H. C. Gallagher, Vice-President, \$100,000 each; Frank S. Hall, Head of the New York Agency; William B. Brooks, Clerk of the Corporation, and James M. Bugbee, \$50,000 each; John E. Dodge, Treasurer; Henry Delano, Richard Folson, Head of the Chicago Agency; Ethan A. Cushing, Superintendent of the works at Wilton; William Brooks and Charles A. Pope, \$40,000 each.

To his brother, Ward L. Pierce, and family, which includes eight children, amounts aggregating \$1,500,000 are given. His fine farm on the southern side of the Blue Hills reservation of the public park system is given, subject to certain life estates, to the Metropolitan Park Commission, to be added to Boston's park lands. This system already includes a large tract which Mr. Pierce gave in his lifetime. The farm contains about 400 acres, part of which is under cultivation and part heavily wooded.

We append an extract from the remarks made by the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger at the funeral services in the village church at Dorchester:—"He was of that type of citizen—better seen in this Commonwealth than anywhere else in the country—the citizen

who can be loyal to a party, but is yet superior to party; who deals in principles rather than in measures, and does not hesitate how to act when they conflict; who believes in the divine right to 'bolt.' Of this type of citizenship was our friend, and whether he acted wisely or not in any case, he acted under the clearest light of duty he could find, and with a courage that was absolute. Humanity and generosity were marked in the man. In the days when I first knew him there were many who were kept in his employ simply out of pity for their circumstances or their infirmities; and I could tell you of more than one life and more than one household where his name was mentioned daily with tears of thankfulness. He had great pity for weak and fallen men, and never withdrew his helping hand while there was hope. How it has been in later years I know not, but then every man in his employ was his friend, and the service rendered was the service of love."

M. Bonnat, the distinguished French painter, made a portrait of Mr. Pierce, two years ago, and it was photographed under the artist's direction; but the result was unsatisfactory, and all the copies, we understand, were destroyed. The likeness presented herewith is reproduced from an India proof of a steel plate made by Wilcox one-and-twenty years ago, representing its subject at the age of fifty.

The January Magazines

"Harper's Magazine"

THERE ARE two interesting retrospective papers in the January *Harper's*—"A Century's Struggle for the Franchise in America," by Prof. Francis N. Thorpe, and "Science at the Beginning of the Century," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams.—A paper to which the early days of this week lend a special importance is "Fog Possi-

Harper's Magazine



January Number

bilities," by Alexander McAdie, who seems to think that electricity will eventually be used for dispelling fogs. It will be a long time before London will be benefited by any invention of this sort, but he thinks that fog-dispersers might be placed upon ships, ferry-boats, terminal depots and crowded thoroughfares. "We hope that they may, particularly upon Atlantic liners."—In "English Society," Mr. G. W. Smalley has a subject with which he is probably as familiar as any American. He knows his England well, and is not likely to fall into the usual blunders of American correspondents when speaking of English titles. For instance, in a recent letter his successor on the *Tribune* spoke of Lady Emma Hamilton, when he meant Lady Hamilton. Lady Emma would mean that she was the daughter of a peer, instead of which she came from very humble beginnings. Another error has prevailed in America, says Mr. Smalley, "that the peerage is of itself the Golden Book in which are writ the names of the elect." Wealth and Rank—those are the two true tests or true certificates of position. But they are not. There are scores and scores of peers, and many hundreds of the possessors of lesser titles, who are unknown in London society. If you read—and a good many people do read—the lists published of guests at smart parties and weddings, their names never appear. The people themselves never appear. They have their own place, and perhaps a high place, in the scheme of things, but it is not this place. Sometimes they do not care for Society; sometimes Society does not care for them."

—Those who know their Rome, and those who do not, will enjoy being personally conducted among its "Literary Landmarks"

by Mr. Laurence Hutton. Mr. Hutton seems to have taken out a patent on literary landmarks, and no one ventures to anticipate him. Instead, all sit around and wait until he appears to guide their footsteps. No one has done this sort of guiding more entertainingly, not even the ubiquitous Hare. The march of progress is to be noted everywhere, even in the Eternal City, and we read scarcely with pleasure that the site of the villa of Sallust "is gradually being covered with the brand-new buildings which are fast making this part of Rome as modern as is modern New York or modern Paris. It is approached by horse-cars, it is lighted by electricity, and it is surrounded by hotels, which look like the Fifth Avenue or the Continental, and are quite as comfortable and quite as expensive as is either of those familiar hostleries of modern times."—"The Martian" continues to fascinate the reader, and compels him to admit that du Maurier's charm is unique.

"The Atlantic Monthly"

THOSE WHO like sentiment and plenty of it will enjoy Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novel, "The Story of an Untold Love," which opens the January *Atlantic*. It is told in the form of a journal—a form which permits of greater intimacy than any other—the writer being a somewhat morbid youth.—The literary element predominates in this number, but then, it usually does in *The Atlantic*, and we should be disappointed if it were not so. "Emerson Sixty Years After" is the subject of an article by Mr. John Jay Chapman, which is apropos of the publishing of Emerson's first book or pamphlet, sixty years ago. Mr. Chapman quotes what Lowell said of Emerson as a speaker, and we can do no better than give the same quotation:—"Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere, and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one—that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was *our* fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you couldn't help feeling that, if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be whirled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried 'Ha! ha!' to the sound of the trumpets."—A striking contribution to contemporary criticism is Prof. Charles Eliot Norton's review of "The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling," in which he gratefully recognizes that the author of "The Seven Seas" continues "the great succession of royal English poets." The fact that Prof. Norton is a most conservative critic adds distinction to his eulogy.—A somewhat less critical, but no less eulogistic, paper on Mr. James Lane Allen is by Edith B. Brown, and there is an unsigned article on "Mr. Godkin's Political Writings," which is discriminating and appreciative.—Mr. J. E. Chamberlain writes of the "Memorials of American Authors," which are none too many nor too artistic where they do exist. "Our great cities," says Mr. Chamberlain, "are not now exactly poor in statues; but the exceedingly accidental character of these memorials, due to the fact that they are mainly the result of private subscription, is evidenced by a glance at the public out-of-door statues and other memorials in New York city. To American literary men, distinctly as literary men, not one statue has been raised in that city; but there are statues of Shakespeare, Walter Scott and Robert Burns. One bust of an American author—Washington Irving—is found; and there are also busts of Cervantes, Schiller and Thomas Moore! It would be hard to object to these memorials of Old-World authors, provided they are works of art; but one would like to see them accompanied by at least as many Americans."

"The Century Magazine"

THE January *Century* is a fine number, both in literature and art. The opening paper, on "Lenbach: the Painter of Bismarck," by Miss Edith Coues, affords rare opportunities for illustration. The description of Lenbach's palatial home emphasizes the fact that art pays its followers better everywhere than in the United States.—The paper of the greatest international interest in this number is Capt. Mahan's "Nelson in the Battle of the Nile." It will be news to most readers that one of Nelson's bravest captains was an American, Ralph Willett Miller, whom his famous chief described as "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew." Capt.

Miller commanded the Theseus, and his description of the great fight in a letter to his wife is considered the most satisfactory that has been transmitted to us.—Mr. E. L. Godkin, who, by the way, is doing as vigorous work for the magazines nowadays as for daily journalism, has a paper in this number on "The Absurdity of War." He points out that civilization "has raised the business of killing enemies and destroying their property into a very honorable profession." One reason for this is that the general public admires not what the soldier does in the way of cutting down his opponents, but what he exposes himself to. He is not looked upon at all as "a man who kills and wounds enemies and destroys property; who makes widows and orphans by the thousand; who tramples down crops, and burns villages, and brings ruin into thousands of lives; but as a man who exposes his life for others. In the popular imagination he does not kill for his country; he is killed for his country." It is worth noting that in this number, along with Mr. Godkin's paper, there are three articles that tend to glorify the settling of national disputes with gun-powder.—An article of much interest is that on "Speech and Speech Reading for the Deaf," by John Dutton Wright. "There are," says this writer, "many deaf people in this country who have acquired all their speech and speech-reading by instruction after becoming deaf, who go into society, entertain in their own homes, and are entertained in the homes of others, as freely as any members of the community. There are many with whom a stranger might talk for an hour without suspecting that they were deaf, accounting for their slight peculiarity of speech by supposing all the time that they were foreigners. Methods are being constantly improved, and it is to be expected that still better results will be obtained hereafter. Meanwhile experience has demonstrated that by the use of speech as a medium of instruction, the deaf can be successfully educated, and taught to speak and understand the speech of others; and I believe the time is coming when this will be the only way in which they are taught."

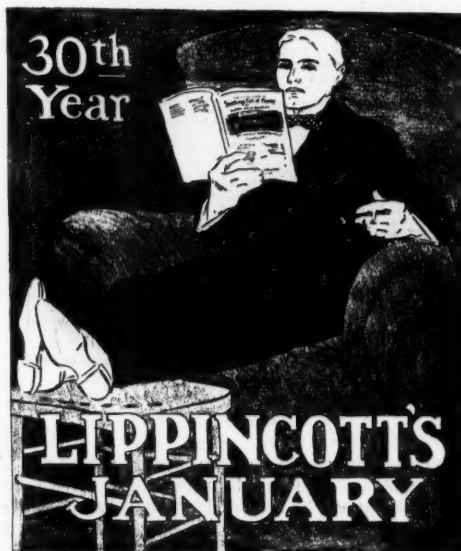
"Scribner's Magazine"

IN ITS January number *Scribner's* begins a series of papers on the conduct of great businesses. The inaugural one, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, is devoted to "The Department Store"—a form of business enterprise that has come to the front within the last few years and may be said to have worked a revolution in business circles. We all have the layman's knowledge of the department store, there being few of us who have not found it among the greatest of labor-saving devices. Not many of us, however, have any idea of the "running" of such a place, and we find this paper full of interesting information.—A timely contribution to this number is "A Bystander's Notes of a Massacre," being an account, from the pen of an eye-witness, of the recent slaughter of the Armenians in Constantinople. It is a blood curdling story, and the matter-of-fact way in which it is told lends much to the vividness of the picture.—It is a relief to turn from this article to the one that follows—Mr. Eyre Crowe's account of "The Homes and Haunts of Thackeray." Mr. Crowe was at one time Thackeray's secretary, and accompanied him to this country. Not only does he point out the houses where Thackeray lived, but he gives us pictures of his homes, often from his own pencil. He also tells us many anecdotes of the great man. His account of Thackeray's marriage and his happy life in Paris will be new to most readers:—"It was in August, 1836, that Thackeray was married to Miss Shawe, at the British Embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, who was chaplain of that place. He took apartments for himself and his wife in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin. He was then correspondent of the *Constitutional*, and a reference to its columns at this date shows Titmarsh as a most violent anti-Louis-Philippist. I give a sketch of the exterior of the street, though unable to point with exactness to which of the two structures was the real abode, whether the one on the extreme left, to which I incline, or that next to it. My apology must be the great length of time since then—half a century ago. Still vivid, however, is the impression of the charming grace and modesty of the hostess, who was lithe in figure, with hair of the tinge Titian was so fond of depicting, bordering on redness. This pleasant time of newly married folks, which is so touchingly found hinted at with delicate hand in the 'Bouillabaisse' ballad, has not been chronicled in the short lives of the author hitherto published. The day's work over they would stroll off by the arched entrance, and through that lively thronged Passage Choiseul, at the far end of which they would emerge on the street of the Little Fields. At No. 16 was the now immortalized restaurateur. * * *

Some months passed, when I recollect frequently having the privilege of meeting the gentle and modest wife of Thackeray. She could sketch, too, but the brimming humor of Thackeray's pencil caused us, in boyish selfishness, to look preferably over his shoulders whenever he took a fancy to evolve pictorial drolleries on paper. The *Constitutional* having ceased to exist as a newspaper, and Paris correspondence lapsing in consequence, Thackeray and his wife left for England. They settled again at No. 18 Albion Street, Hyde Park, for a brief while. Here, it may be mentioned, was born Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, their eldest daughter. The unpretending household has therefore a double interest as their home, first, and secondly, as the nursery of two generations of romance writers.—A paper on "Victor Hugo's Home at Guernsey" adds to the literary flavor of this number. A number of portraits of Hugo are given, which are more curious than attractive.—To a large number of readers the first installment of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," will be the "star" attraction of the number. It opens in Mr. Davis's best manner and has all the dash and freshness that give his work its charm. He strikes out in a new vein, too, and gives us in Robert Clay a hero of the most interesting type—a man of nerve and muscle, the sort of "masterful" man that is dear to the heart of women. The story opens brilliantly, and we have reason to be grateful for the opportunity of reading so clever an American novel.

"Lippincott's Magazine"

THE COMPLETE novel in this number is "Stockings Full of Money," by Mary Kyle Dallas, who has used a very clever idea in a serious way, whereas a light touch would probably have been better. We recommend it—the idea—to the writers of farces; we even think that a good comedy may be constructed upon it.



—The question of the influence of Dutch institutions in America continues to be debated vigorously. Its chief champions in this country are Dr. William Elliot Griffis and the late Mr. Douglas Campbell, whose "Puritan in Holland, England and America" is the subject of a fierce attack by Mr. Sidney G. Fisher, who goes to the other extreme in a paper entitled "Are American Institutions of Dutch Origin?" Mr. Fisher denies this *in toto*, whereas commonsense would seem to indicate that somewhere between the extreme claims of the two schools—the English and the Dutch—must lie the truth. Mr. Fisher undoubtedly brings forward some curious testimony against Mr. Campbell's statements.—Miss Isabel F. Hapgood tells of "Theatre-going in St. Petersburg." We quote from this readable paper the following bit of curious information:—"I was never told, but I am sure that I am right in stating that an unwritten law, tradition, or whatever one may call it, forbids the presentation of a Russian sovereign on the stage. Glinka's famous opera 'Life for the Tzar,' which is given on all Imperial birthdays and national festivals, ends with a superb tableau of the entrance into the Kremlin of Moscow of the young Mikhail Feodorovitch, newly elected to the throne, the first of the

Romanoff sovereigns. The whole opera is filled with the Tzar—in words,—and the curtain descends at the exact moment when he should come in view of the audience and account for the enthusiastic cheers of his faithful subjects who are intoxicated by his presence in the wings. It would have cost only an extra horse, and a suit of clothes, to gratify the audience; but the Tzar does not appear."

"Cosmopolis"

PROF. F. MAX MULLER'S "Literary Recollections," in the December number of this review, are not so interesting as were his musical memories, in the November issue. Still, they contain much information about the German poets of the earlier part of this century, and, incidentally, a little homily on poetry in the abstract, from which, as a matter of course, the Vedas are not omitted. While we have no objection to Mr. Edmund Gosse's remarks about Zola and the English reading public, we confess that it makes us nervous to see one of M. Anatole France's most delightful books referred to as "Les Rôtisseries de la Reine Pédaugue."—M. Paul Bourget inflicts a painfully uninteresting pot-boiler upon his readers in "Antigone," a new instalment of his "Voyageuses"; M. J.-J. Jusserand adds an uncommonly interesting chapter to his study of Shakespeare in France under the old régime; and Lady Blennerhassett contributes an excellent study on "Das Litterarische Italien."—The fiction of this number, besides M. Bourget's offense, consists of a rather clever sketch in English, "A Comedy of North and South," by G. S. Street; and a realistic German (or, rather, Viennese) story, "Schuss in der Nacht," by J. J. David. We cannot confess that this tale incites us to admiration.

"The North American Review"

MR. ANDREW LANG proposes, in his paper on "Genius in Children" in this number, to do away with Dr. Johnson's definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." In his opinion, genius is rather "an unmeasured capacity for doing things *without* taking pains." Enlarging on this subject, Mr. Lang reaches the logical conclusion that "the most extraordinary genius would be that which could do anything equally well without taking pains. Of this class the standing example is Joan of Arc. A peasant girl of seventeen, she understood the politics of her day as nobody else understood them. In war, whether for gallantry and resolution as a leader, for skill in artillery practice, for science in military combinations, or for Napoleon-like suddenness in surprises, she excelled all captains of her time. She was an accomplished rider, who had never learned to ride. When questioned by theologians, she answered with such mastery that they were intellectually powerless in her presence. Yet she was an untaught peasant child, who could not read nor write. Here, then, was genius, but the only pains she took were pains to make other people carry out her ideas." Mr. Lang does not attempt to settle the mystery, but lays down the rule that "you cannot recognize literary genius, in boyhood, 'by results.' Musical, mathematical, mechanical and artistic excellence are, for some reason, much more easily recognized almost from the first."—Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the actor-manager, naturally enough argues, in his paper on "Some Aspects of the Drama of To-Day," that actor-managers are the best kind of theatrical managers. "The lay-manager exploits a commercial enterprise," he says; "the actor-manager lives in his art and by it." In support of his statement, made "without fear of contradiction," that "the bulk of artistic achievement given to the stage during our generation has been due to the actor-manager, he quotes the names of Kean, Booth, Forrest, Barrett, the Bancrofts, Sir Henry Irving, the Kendalls, John Hare, Richard Mansfield and several others. We have no objection to Mr. Tree's claim in behalf of the actor-manager. But in refutation of his statement that the lay-manager merely "exploits a commercial enterprise," we wish to call his attention to Mr. Augustin Daly.

"The Forum"

IN THIS number President D. S. Jordan of the Leland Stanford Junior University takes up once more the question of a National University at Washington, which "should not be an institution of general education, with its rules and regulations, college classes, good-fellowship and football team. It should be the place for the training of investigators and of men of action. It should admit no student who is under age, or who has not a definite purpose to accomplish. It has no time or strength to spend in laying the foundations for education. Its function lies not in

the conduct of examinations, or the granting of academic degrees. It is not essential that it should give professional training of any kind, though that would be desirable. It should have the same relation to Harvard and Columbia and Johns Hopkins that Berlin University now holds. It should fill, with noble adequacy, the place which the graduate departments of our real universities partially occupy. In doing so it would furnish a stimulus which would strengthen all similar work throughout the land." President Jordan opposes the objections that have been made against the project, and insists upon the urgent need of its realization. In connection with this paper it is of interest to read Prof. R. C. Ringwalt's (Columbia) article on "Intercollegiate Debating," and M. J. Gennadius's paper on "American Archaeological Work in Greece."—Students of music will find a rich fund of suggestion in M. Alexander Moszkowski's "Modern Composers in the Light of Contemporary Criticism," unquestionably a paper of enduring interest and value.

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

A PAPER that will attract the attention of psychologists and educators is "A Study in Race Psychology," by Anna Tolman Smith. Having observed that the Negro presents a curious contradiction in his educational progress; that, while he learns the elements of reading with ease, he fails to master the developed language, the expressive medium of subtle relations and of complex experiences, she set herself to study the individual case that came under her observation—a boy of sixteen. The record of her experiments is told in an entertaining manner, and she reaches the conclusion that it "is obvious that to a race wanting in our own experiences a large part of our vocabulary must be meaningless. Analogous experiences, of course, give insight into a foreign tongue, but here the colored child is at a peculiar disadvantage. The traditions of African savagery, even if they had reached him, offer no likeness to the history of the Anglo-Saxon. Slavery was a state with laws and customs and ceremonies bearing certain resemblances to our own, but the Negro who has passed through this state to the freedom of American citizenship is, as it were, a man without ancestral history. * * * Scientific research affords proof of the fundamental unity of mind, but it gives no less decisive proof of differences due to ancestry and training. The Negro child is psychologically different from the white child. In automatic power he is superior, but in the power of abstraction, of judgment and analysis he is decidedly inferior. This fact must be recognized in the school training. In purpose and in liberal provision the education of the Negro should be the same as that of white children. In detail and method it should be adjusted to the racial plane on which he stands."—Dr. William Hirsch, the author of "Genius and Degeneration," contributes a thoughtful, scientific paper on "The Psychology of Genius."

"Magazine Notes"

AMONG the contents of the January *Looker-On* we notice an analysis of the program of the concert of the Philharmonic Society to be given to-night, and of the Symphony Society's concert of Jan. 2, both by Alfred Remy. Emmeline Potter Frissell writes of Leschetitzky, in "Reminiscences of a Pupil."

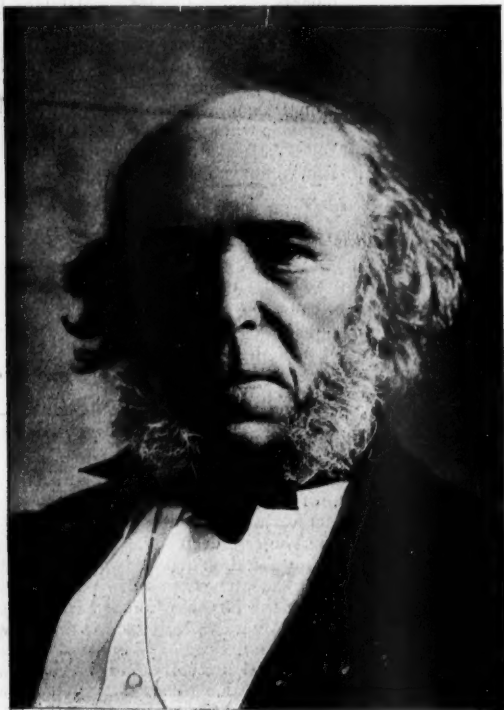
—Beside the continuation of Stevenson's "St. Ives," the January *Pall Mall Magazine* contains a paper on "Cadet Life at West Point," by Lieut. A. Hastings Brown, U. S. A.; and a discussion of the best way of celebrating the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, by a woman, a soldier, a churchman and a workman.

The January *Midland Monthly* is an excellent number. We mention a paper on "The Truth about 'Ben Bolt' and its Author," by his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Howard Noll, with two portraits of Mr. English and a reproduction of an autograph copy of "Ben Bolt," written by him for his daughter in 1885; a "personal sketch" of "Mr. Mark Hanna and His Family," with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hanna, their children and home, and a group in the Hanna dining-room, including, also, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, Gen. and Mrs. Alger and Gov. and Mrs. Merriam. A paper on "Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers," with portraits, is by James Cleland Hume.

—The first number of *The Outlook* in its new (magazine) form is also its regular magazine number, and contains therefore nearly double the number of pages the other issues will have. The idea of a weekly magazine is attractive, and everything that *The Outlook* does, it does well.

Lounger

IT IS SAID that Mr. Herbert Spencer has refused a title, on the occasion of the distribution of New Year's honors by the Queen. Only recently he refused a decoration from the German Emperor,



Herbert Spencer

with a courteous explanation of his reasons for doing so. In response to a letter signed by more than eighty noblemen and men eminent in literature, science and art, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Spencer has consented that his portrait shall be painted for the nation. Mr. Hubert Herkomer will be the artist. For a review of the volume that completes Mr. Spencer's life-work, see page 19 of this number.

IN AN interesting editorial on "The New Filial Piety in Literature," a writer in *The Evening Post* says, apropos of Mr. J. M. Barrie's book about his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy":—"When a Barrie can do such things in perfect unconsciousness and amid universal applause, it sets one wondering what things the smutch of publicity will next be set upon." I beg leave to deny that "Margaret Ogilvy" has been received with "universal applause." The book has been a good deal of a shock to some of Mr. Barrie's greatest admirers. For my own part, it is incomprehensible to me that any man, and particularly a man of Mr. Barrie's reserve, should write so unpreservedly on so sacred a subject. Indeed, I think that I almost prefer the brutal frankness of Mr. Hamerton's description of his father and, with the *Post*, feel like exclaiming, "What shall we say of writers capable of botanizing on a mother's grave?"

WHATEVER ELSE Mr. Zangwill may have, he certainly has a sparkling wit. There is no one in England whose sayings are more quoted than his. In a recent lecture on "The Drama as an Artistic Product" he said a number of good things. "Greek dramatists," he declared, "trained their own actors. English actors train their

own dramatists." A modern play contains "an ounce of sin, a pound of sorrow and a pint of chestnuts."

I DO NOT think that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris will be either surprised or annoyed if his latest story, "Sister Jane," is not received with enthusiasm by the critics. He has never been satisfied with the story, and tried to recall the MS. after it had gone to the publishers, but it was too late, I am happy to say. Mr. Harris likes the character of William Wornum, but does not like the construction of the story. That he is not satisfied with the book is a very good reason for believing that it will be popular. I have seldom, if ever, known an author to be a good judge of his own work. It once fell to my lot to prepare a volume of representative poems of living poets, and the plan of the book was to have each poet select the poems which he thought represented best his own muse. In scarcely one instance did the poet select the poem that was regarded by the public as his best. This encourages me to believe that Mr. Harris will find "Sister Jane" a success. Everyone I have heard speak of the book has been enthusiastic in its praise. The only adverse criticism is the author's.

I WANTED a portrait of Mr. Harris to print in this column, and he was good enough to send me one which, however, I did not like; it was too conventional. In the meantime I came across



MR. HARRIS AND BRER RABBIT

this, in an Atlanta publication called *The Alkahest*, in the first of a series of papers on Southern authors by Mr. John Henderson Garnsey. Those who do not recognize Mr. Harris will recognize Brer Rabbit, whom he seems to be motioning out of the way, while he writes the story of "Sister Jane."

IT IS NOT surprising that Mr. Gerald du Maurier, the son of the creator of "Trilby," who is a member of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, has been interviewed. The only surprise is that he was not subjected to the gentle operation before he left shipboard. A reporter of the *Tribune* was fortunate enough to get from him some interesting anecdotes of his father. One thing that the young man said will surprise everybody who was familiar with Mr. du Maurier's drawings, and that is that he had no idea of appropriateness in dress, and did not know one fashion from another. "My sisters," said Mr. du Maurier, "looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passer-by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in *Punch*. Nobody wears those things now; they're dreadfully old-fashioned,' and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment." This will be a blow to the hundreds of people who modeled their dress upon that of du Maurier's men and women. His fashions, however, were correct, for his family saw to it that they should be.

ACCORDING to his son, du Maurier was ever for putting the characters in "Trilby" into modern clothes, though the time of the story was forty years ago, and he would have done so but that his daughters came to the rescue. "He did have models," says his son, "for the postures and the clothes, and so on, though the face of Trilby was purely ideal. Little Billee's sister, by-the-way, and Sweet Alice, were both taken from photographs, I forget now of whom, which we had in the house." All of this is very interesting, as is also the fact that making jokes was often a painful operation for this joker. He had a great many set in to him, but used only a few of these outside contributions. Mr. du Maurier repeats what we have already heard—that his father became very tired of "Trilby," at least of the absurd lengths to which some of its admirers went in the expression of their enthusiasm.

THE FOLLOWING good story is told of du Maurier in *Lloyd's Newspaper* :—

"There was some years ago in Hampstead-road a pavement artist, now dead. Du Maurier often dropped a coin into the poor man's hat. One cold day the author of 'Trilby' told him to leave his 'pitch' and go to the model soup kitchen in Euston-road to get some food. Du Maurier, as a joke, consented to take charge of the hat. When the man was out of sight he proceeded to wipe out the pictures of battle scenes, faithful dogs, &c., and commenced drawing portraits in chalks of the society ladies and gentlemen made famous by him in *Punch*. Passers-by stopped to look, and remunerated the deputy, and when, an hour later, the man returned, he was pleased to find so much in his hat, but regretted that his work had been destroyed. 'This may attract some people, but it ain't art,' he said to the amused du Maurier, as he commenced wiping out the society males and females. 'Now, this pleases everybody,' he continued, drawing the picture of a soldier."

IT HAS BEEN more than hinted that Mr. Henry Harland and the Yellow Dwarf, whose Ishmaelitish pen illumines the pages of *The Yellow Book*, are one. A certain similarity in style is pointed out. Mr. Harland, who is the editor of *The Yellow Book*, is said to have denied the charge, but there are those who think that in his denials he is only following the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott in denying the authorship of "Waverley." In a recent number of *The Yellow Book*, Max Beerbohm gives us a portrait of the Yellow Dwarf, which to those unfamiliar with Mr. Harland's face would seem to settle the question so far as he is concerned. "No human being," say those who only note the general impression made by Mr. Beerbohm's drawing, "could look like this."

TO MY MIND Mr. Harland stands confessed by the caricature. I reproduce herewith Mr. Beerbohm's gentle compliment to his friend, and also an amateur photograph of Mr. Harland, and I



THE YELLOW DWARF

leave it to the reader to say whether or no they are the same. Note the turn of the eye in the caricature: is it not the same as in the photograph? Note, also, the pointed beard in each, and the tilt of the nose. Tear off the mask, and you have the face of



MR. HENRY HARLAND

Henry Harland—or put the mask on the face of Henry Harland, and you have the Yellow Dwarf. The figures, I admit, are not the same. There Mr. Harland has the advantage.

Two American Explorers

WHEN MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD'S "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps" appeared, last summer, I tried to find out some-



From a portrait by Sir E. Burne-Jones

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD

thing about the author—whether, for instance, he was a native New Yorker, or a Londoner by birth as well as by residence. But everyone was away for the summer and I could learn nothing. Hearing of my quest some months afterwards, an old friend of the FitzGerald family called at my office and kindly imparted such information as she possessed. As the young mountaineer has just undertaken the conquest of the Chilian Alps, and as his qualities as a climber are of such a high order as to ensure a brilliant career, a few words about him are not likely to prove amiss, even in the off-season between his New Zealand and South American adventures.

IT APPEARS, in the first place, that the young man is a New Yorker, his father, Mr. William J. FitzGerald—an Irishman by birth—having married a daughter of the late Mr. Eli White, a well-known merchant in "the Swamp." It was in Mr. White's house, at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, that the FitzGerald family lived for some years after the owner's death, and until they removed to London, six or eight years since. The mountain-climber's mother used to say that she had one intellectual child (meaning her daughter Caroline, now Lady Edmund Fitzmaurice, who has a happy gift of verse-writing), and that she would like her son to be an athlete. This the little fellow gave no sign of becoming; for he was slighter and shorter than the average lad of his years. A change came, however, and he is now a six-footer, of iron frame and constitution. He was educated here and in England and married, at twenty-one, the daughter of a French nobleman and a Bostonian. This was only four years ago, yet for the past two years he has been a widower.

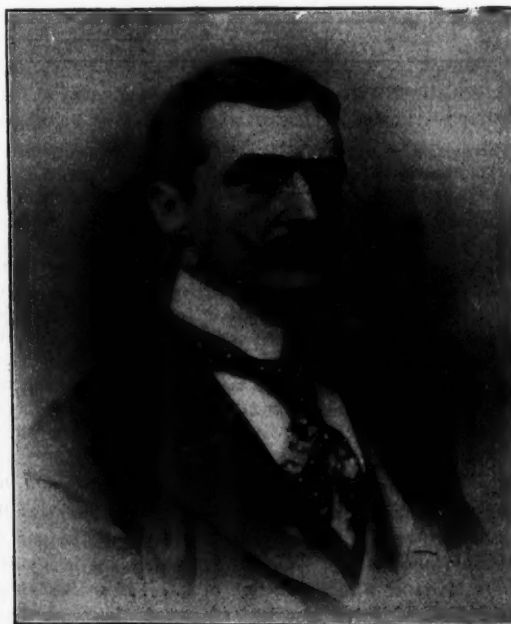
WE LEARN FROM the *London Chronicle* that when the FitzGerald Expedition arrived at Rio de Janeiro, after a pleasant passage, the large party were all in excellent health. Three of its members had been working hard at navigation, under the instruction of the first officer. Mr. FitzGerald himself, Mr. Vines, and Mr. De Trafford took observations every morning for longi-

tude and worked them out: at midday they fixed the latitude, and at 4 P. M. the longitude again. At 4 A. M. daily they climbed to the bridge and worked out everything with the chief officer. Before leaving England, by the way, Mr. FitzGerald insured all the goods of the expedition, including its valuable instruments, against fire, robbery, loss or injury of any kind from London to the foot of Aconcagua, and back to London. This included mule transport across the Andes. He also disposed of the copyright in his story of the expedition for \$10,000.

Dr. A. Donaldson Smith was the first white man to cross Africa from Somaliland to Lake Rudolf and Lamu, and he is about to publish an account of his journey in a book called "Through Unknown African Countries," which will be brought out by Mr. Edward Arnold in February. Shortly after his return, Dr. Smith gave an account of his expedition at a reception given by the Royal Geographical Society in London, which was attended by some of the most eminent geographers and men of science. At this meeting Ambassador Bayard said:—

"It has been an honest, brave, modest endeavor to let all the world know something of distant regions of which nothing seems to have been known before. In such a struggle and for such an end I am rejoiced to find my countryman, an American, a pioneer and an expositor. The story told in this simple adventure is eloquent beyond words, when we think of this little handful of men of our race, starting into the unknown continent, and marching bravely under the banner of intellect, cultivation and education into regions where these qualities had no place, and yet by virtue thereof feeling their mastery, not for gain or conquest, but for the purpose of unfolding a knowledge of the world in which we live."

Dr. Donaldson Smith was born in Philadelphia in 1864, and studied under a private tutor until he entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1881, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1885. In the winter of 1885-86 he studied botany and chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University. For two years after this he studied medicine at Harvard, and then came back to the University of Pennsylvania, where he took the degree of M.D. in 1889. After this he studied for three years in the hospitals of London, Paris, Heidelberg, Berlin and Vienna, and then returned to Philadelphia and opened an office. He had practiced only four months when his father died, leaving him an independent fortune. He resolved at once to travel for a prolonged period and, if possible, to explore.



DR. DONALDSON SMITH

After a shooting trip through Mexico and the West, he went to Norway, on 1 June 1893, for salmon-fishing and moose-hunting, and thence to Somaliland for a hunting trip. It was on this latter trip that he saw his opportunity for exploring to the west as far as Lake Rudolf. Since he was a boy, he had spent his vacations

shooting, or fishing for salmon or trout, or climbing the Alps. He hopes "to do some more work in outlandish regions," but has not made any plans just yet. He expected to go to India in December for a three months' shooting trip, but was detained by the delay in bringing out his book.

Dr. Smith is an F. R. G. S., an Honorary Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and of the Rittenhouse, University, Radnor Hunt, Philadelphia, Gun and other clubs. B. L.

Hubert Montague Crackanthorpe

THE BODY of Mr. Crackanthorpe, when found in the Seine, had probably been in the water for six weeks. The face was not recognizable, and his brothers were only able to identify him by his linen and a sleeve-link, with which they were familiar. The



HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE

theory of suicide is the popular one, but there are those who think that the young man met with foul play.

He was a son of Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe (formerly Montague Cookson), Q. C., D. C. L., his mother being the Mrs. Crackanthorpe whose essays on social subjects, such as "The Revolting Daughters," have been widely discussed. Born on 12 May 1870, Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe married, on 14 Feb. 1893, Leila, younger daughter of the late Mr. R. J. Somerled Macdonald, a descendant of Flora Macdonald. She is a granddaughter of the late Rt. Hon. Sir William Grove, and known in the literary world as a contributor to *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*. Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe had done literary work of a strange sort. His "Wreckage," a volume of stories, went rapidly into a second edition, and his last book, "Vignettes," received many favorable notices in England.

"The Stone Man of Sorrows Again"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It appeals to me as a duty, though an ungracious one, to put on record a protest against the talk now being made concerning the bit of limestone picked up near Oberammergau, which contains a natural and accidental so-called "Portrait of Christ." A *Critic* correspondent speaks of its expression of "patient, reconciled agony, meekly and divinely (intelligibly) borne"; "Nature, apparently, had outdone the finest artist in the portrayal of agony." Canon Eaton says that it is a "truly marvelous instance of the sympathy of Nature with the Divine." Sir Richard Garnett, W. W. Story, Elihu Vedder, Max Müller and other prominent names are also quoted as having said good-natured things about the portrait.

It seems that the owner of this curiosity picked it up merely as a piece of stone to be carried away as a memento of Oberammergau. Eight years afterward, the stone being in a certain light, what may be called a likeness to the conventional head of Christ was noticed; and whenever the fragment is placed in this light, and shadows are thereby cast over parts of it, the likeness again comes out, as I can testify. It is a curiosity and nothing more—one of those accidental and meaningless resemblances of which nature and art are full; but the idea that it is a "wonderful" or significant thing, is preposterous; and the suggestion that there is something miraculous about it, partly on account of the connection with Oberammergau, is something worse than preposterous.

I have some respect for the sentimental feeling of the owner of this curiosity concerning it, but if Canon Eaton said what he is quoted as saying in the book which has been fatuously devoted to this subject, his amiability owes an apology to his commonsense.

NEW YORK, 5 JAN. 1897.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

Mr. Gladstone's Letter on Book-Collecting

WE GIVE below the full text of a letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, at whose shop in Piccadilly he used to stop on every Wednesday afternoon, not only to purchase books, but to gossip about them. The letter was written in September last, but is only now made public. Mr. Quaritch has printed it in facsimile in Part VIII of his "Contributions Towards a Dictionary of English Book Collectors":—

"HAWARDEN, Sept. 9, 1896.

"DEAR MR. QUARITCH,—The regiment of book-collectors stands in no need of recruits; and, even if its ranks were thin, I doubt if I am qualified to enlist. I have in my time been a purchaser to the extent of about 35,000 volumes, and I might therefore abide a quantitative test; but, as I fear, no other. A book-collector ought, as I conceive, to possess the following six qualifications: appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination and perseverance. Of these I have only had two, the first and the last, and these are not the most important. Restricted visual power now imposes upon me a serious amount of disability; and, speaking generally, I have retired from the list of purchasers. I am gradually transferring the bulk of my library to the Institution of St. Deiniol's at this place, which I hope to succeed in founding; but I retain certain branches for use, and a few of what are to me treasures, though you would, I apprehend, refuse to most of them a place on your shelves.

"The oldest book I have, that is to say the one longest in my possession, was presented to me personally by Mrs. Hannah More. It is a copy of her 'Sacred Dramas,' printed and given to me in 1815, eighty-one years ago; and was accompanied with a pretty introductory sentence, of which I remember only the first words. They were these: 'As you have just come into this world, and I am just going out of it, allow me,' and so forth. My purchases commenced a few years after that time, and I have a variety of books acquired at Eton. Among them is a copy of Mr. Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' in quarto, presented to me by his son Arthur, the subject of 'In Memoriam,' and at that period my dearest friend.

"Book buyers of the present day have immense advantages in the extended accessibility and cheapness of books which, whether in the ancient or modern languages, ought to be considered classical. I have a copy of *The Spectator* in eight volumes, 8vo., which cost me 4*l.*; and I hold Scott's Poems in the small volumes at a somewhat larger price. These were both bought in 'the twenties.' The enormous development of the second-hand book-trade, and the public spirit of many publishers, have also been greatly in favor of book-buyers. In one respect only they have lost ground, and that is in regard to bookbinding. It is (as a general rule; I am not complaining in my own case) much dearer than it was seventy and eighty years back, and, notwithstanding abolitions of duty and enlarged use of machinery, it is generally worse in that vitally important particular, the easy opening of a book. Our case contrasts very unfavorably with cases such as those of France and Italy. (Yet, as I know, good plain binding can still be had at reasonable prices.) I showed lately to a friend my copy of the original octavo edition of Scott's earlier novels (down to 'Quentin Durward') in half morocco, with gilt tops. He priced the binding for to-day at 4*s.* (I think rather too high), but (when at Oxford) the binder charged me *two*.

"As quantity has been my strongest point, I may without offence refer to it in comparison with quality. An able and learned person of our day bought for his own use 20,000 volumes. They were examined and valued for sale (which never came off) in London, and it was predicted that he would net from them 8000*l.*, or a little over two shillings a volume. Nearly at the same time a library of somewhat over half the quantity, but rich in rarities, brought (not at auction) about six pounds a volume.

"Though, as I have said, a beggarly collector, I have had a few specialties. One I will mention. I accumulated more than thirty distinct *risfacciamenti* of the Book of Common Prayer. Many of these had prefaces which commonly ran to this effect: 'The Prayer-Book is excellent. But it has some blemishes. Let them be removed, and it will find universal acceptance. Accordingly I have performed this operation; and I now give the Reformed Prayer-Book to the world.' But I have never obtained, and I have never seen, a second edition of any one of these productions. I greatly doubt whether they have usually paid their printer's bills.

"Book-collecting may have its quirks and eccentricities. But on the whole it is a vitalising element in a society honeycombed by several sources of corruption. My apology for the poor part I have played in it is that it could only have the odds and ends, the dregs and leavings, of my time. And accordingly I am aware that the report which I send you is a very meagre one. To mend it a little, I give to this pursuit in all its walks, from the highest (with which you are of all men the most conversant) downwards, my heartiest good wishes. And that I may not be ungrateful I will apprise you that I still preserve among my most select possessions the beautiful copy on vellum of the Lyttelton-Gladstone translations which you were so good as to present to me.

"I remain, very faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE Christmas number of *Punch* contained the last work done for it by du Maurier—a full-page drawing, a bicycle subject, introducing a group of the tall women whom the artist delighted to draw. In the text is quoted a snatch from one of those Quartier Latin choruses dear to readers of "Trilby."

—The sixtieth birthday of Franz Lenbach, the German portrait-painter, was celebrated with much pomp in Munich, on Dec. 13. The Munich Society of Artists unanimously elected him to membership, and he received congratulations from Prince Bismarck, whose portrait he has so often painted, and from the Prince-Regent Luitpold of Bavaria. The city of Munich deputed its two burgomasters to greet him, and he received visits in person from the Grand Duchess Victoria of Hesse and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Rumania.

—The Dean and Chapter of Peterboro, claiming exclusive rights over the church property, recently decided to pull down and rebuild the west front of the beautiful Gothic Peterboro Cathedral. The Dean's appeal for funds proved a failure, and the work has been postponed. Public opinion now demands the transfer of the care of cathedrals from the deans and chapters to a national commission.

—A correspondent recently asked the *Tribune* what was the meaning of the word "favril," and from what language it was derived. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany states that "'Favril' is a new word, secured by registration, and coined in order to distinguish our glass from that of our imitators. It is derived from the same root as the Latin words *faber*, *fabrico* and *fabrilis*, and is in meaning akin to them. Hence it can be used in describing any object of wood, stone or glass made by hand."

—Those who are interested in posters—and who is not in these days?—will be glad to know that a catalogue is about to be published in Paris of the Exhibition of Artistic Advertisement Posters, held at Rheims in November last. The bulk of the posters exhibited, according to the London *Daily Chronicle*, came from the collection, one of the finest in existence, of M. Alexandre Henriot, President of the Rheims Société des Amis des Arts. The catalogue has been prepared by M. Henriot, who has written for it descriptions of nearly 1700 of the best posters by foreign as well as French artists in his collection. He also supplies a bibliography of the literature relating to artistic advertisements, and the catalogue is completed by portraits of some fifty of the best-known artists who have produced posters. It has been very carefully printed, and only a limited edition is to be issued.

The Drama

Mr. John Hare in "The Hobby Horse"

MR. A. W. PINERO is an uncommonly clever playwright—almost too clever, indeed, at times, for his ingenuity in the invention of striking theatrical situations not infrequently betrays him into offences against probability. This is the first and most obvious criticism to be passed upon his three-act comedy, "The Hobby Horse," in which Mr. John Hare effected his reappearance here at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The piece, which was written some years ago, but is seen now for the first time in this city, possesses in an eminent degree some of the distinguishing characteristics of this author's work. It is very cleverly and wittily written, contains several scenes which in themselves are models of adroit construction, presents some highly entertaining characters, and discharges keen shafts of satire at current follies; but as a whole it is artificial and unconvincing, and, being deficient in genuine human interest, leaves the spectator unsatisfied and disappointed. Professedly it is a skit upon well-meaning but misdirected and, therefore, mischievous philanthropy. Mr. Spencer Jermyn, a well-to-do English gentleman, is so ardent a devotee of the horse that he imagines that everybody connected, however remotely, with a stable must share in the virtues of that noble animal. When, therefore, his young and pretty second wife turns his house, much against his will, into an asylum for unfortunate and extremely dirty little boys, he, to show that he himself is not devoid of charity, conceives the notion of founding a home for decayed stable-boys, with a parson at the head of it to look after their morals. This leads to a variety of domestic unpleasantness. Finally Mrs. Jermyn, during the temporary absence of her husband on a racing trip, resolves to gratify her charitable impulses, by accepting temporarily the post of district visitor in an East End London parish, assuming for the time being the name of her friend and companion, who was to have had the place, but is eager to be rid of it in order to carry on a flirtation with the family lawyer. Mrs. Jermyn does not prove a great success in slum-work, but, in her character of spinster, hopelessly enslaves the curate, and, in her perfect innocence, not only compromises herself, but involves every member of her own particular circle in a number of comical and embarrassing complications. All these are solved satisfactorily in the last act, except in the case of the curate, who is the sole sufferer, although he is the only person entirely innocent of offence. This, perhaps, is to illustrate the fallacy of the theory of poetic retribution. It is in the solution of the domestic tangle that Mr. Pinero's ingenuity and quick theatrical perceptions are manifested most clearly. The closing scenes are very effective, but they come rather too late to redeem the fortunes of the play.

All the individual acting is good, and some of it is most excellent. The part of Spencer Jermyn presents no difficulties to Mr. Hare, who plays it with exquisite ease and finish, and the genial humor, with its occasional flavor of mild cynicism, of which he is a master. Throughout he preserves the spirit of light comedy, never, even for an instant, degenerating into farce. For the display of his finer and deeper qualities as a comedian there are few opportunities, but there is one scene—where Jermyn at his wife's instigation apologises to the curate for the wrong which has been done him—which deals with very complex emotions, and requires great feeling, tact and dignity. At this crisis Mr. Hare acted with the rarest skill and judgment and a refinement of manner very seldom seen upon the stage nowadays. He was supported admirably by Mr. Frank Gillmore, who played the part of the poor curate with an unaffected manliness and simplicity which deservedly won the sympathy of the house. Another very excellent performance was that of the domineering, uncharitable and vixenish wife of a city rector, by Miss Susie Vaughan, who furnished a portrait equally noteworthy for fineness of outline and firmness and freedom of execution. Mr. Charles Groves, too, was particularly happy in the capably drawn character of one of Jermyn's pet stable reprobates, and Mr. Frederick Kerr, Mr. Charles Goad, Mr. Gilbert Hare, Miss May Harvey and Miss Nellie Thorne are all entitled to a word of special commendation. The general representation, indeed, was of an uncommonly high order, and the stage management, in all its aspects, artistic and thorough.

"Under the Red Robe"

MR. EDWARD ROSE evidently is a clever adapter. He succeeded in making a practicable play out of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and he has done equally well, if not better, with Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe." Of course, his

piece, produced at the Empire Theatre, only suggests the peculiar excellences of the book, but it does preserve the main outlines of the story and a good deal of its local color and spirit. Many of the incidents, such as the duel in the tavern, the intervention of Richelieu, the game of hide-and-seek in the Château de Coche-forêt, the torture and revenge of the dumb servitor, Clon, the arrest of Henri and his subsequent release by his captor, the various scenes between Berault and Renée, and the final solution of the dramatic problem in the reception-hall of the Cardinal, all lend themselves readily and obviously to theatrical treatment, and have been handled by Mr. Rose with considerable skill. Nor can serious fault be found with his omissions, additions or modifications, except in the case of the foolish Captain Larolle, of whom there is a great deal too much. The laborious idiocy of this personage, intended for comic relief, not only delays the action, but destroys illusion, and lessens the interest. In this instance, the responsibility rests more upon the author than on the actor.

Considering the almost total inexperience of the Empire company in romantic acting, the general performance is worthy of liberal commendation. At all events, it is not deficient in either energy or vivacity. The tendency of most of the players, indeed, is to overact in these respects, owing, probably, to some confused notion that romantic coloring is imparted by noise and bustle. The character of Gil de Berault, with all its audacity, adroitness, unscrupulousness and passion, and its final development under the refining influence of love into something not far removed from genuine heroism, is altogether beyond the present resources of Mr. Faversham, who has not the force, brilliancy, or address to do it justice. He has not even the requisite skill in sword-play to give plausibility to his fictitious reputation as a deadly duellist. He lacks assurance and restraint in the quieter passages, and emotional fervor and strength in the more important crises. His weakness, however, is in executive ability, rather than in intelligence. His customary lurching swagger is not altogether inappropriate, and on two or three occasions he displays genuine, if not very deep, feeling. One of his most conspicuous defects is his monotonous delivery.

Beyond question, the acting honors of the representation are carried off by Mr. Dodson, whose Richelieu, if rather too suggestive of petty cunning, is an exceedingly clever and effective sketch, nicely finished, dry and sinister in humor, and admirably consistent. The part is a mere skeleton, and the skill with which he fills in the bare outlines excites curiosity as to what he might be able to do with a fuller study. Viola Allen, whose gifts of emotional expression are considerable, if not particularly varied, plays the heroine gracefully and sympathetically. Mr. Compton enacts the dumb Clon with force and significance, and Mr. Edeson is successful, in a conventional way, as a rough soldier. With regard to the other performers, it is not necessary to be specific. Taking it altogether, the performance is a good one, and its success with the audience, on the first night, was so emphatic that further experiments in the same direction may be looked for with confidence. With the demand for romantic plays will come a supply of romantic actors. The art is not wholly lost, and all lovers of the stage will hope that it may be revived. Relief from the social-problem play seems to be already assured.

Music

THE RECENT production of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera House was in some respects the most satisfactory that has ever been made in America. This is equivalent to saying that it is one of the best the world has ever seen, for not even in the sacred Festspielhaus at Baireuth can one hear better Wagner singing than he can at Broadway and 40th Street. The interest of the Metropolitan performance centered in M. Jean de Reszke's impersonation of the young hero of the drama. He has for years been an ardent Wagnerite, but it was not until last season that he had an opportunity to gratify his ambition to sing in one of Wagner's later music dramas. His Tristan taught local opera-goers to expect from him a highly intellectual and poetic conception of Siegfried, but few, indeed, were prepared for his splendid revelation of youthful buoyancy and enthusiasm. His Siegfried is without question the best the stage has yet known, and this must be said with a clear memory of the merits of Alvary's admirable interpretation of the part. M. de Reszke's conception of the rôle is absolutely correct, and it is colored throughout by a beautiful and tender sympathy with the character. He has dissected the part with great analytic power, and has composed

from its elements a stage representation that is adequate, convincing and marvelously potent. He indicates with the highest skill of an accomplished artist the development of the character from ingenuous youth to passionate manhood, and there is a touch of genius in the manner in which he differentiates the energy of the forge scene from that of the love duo. On the whole, the most devoted student of Wagner cannot find fault with M. de Reszke's interpretation, but, on the contrary, must concede that Wagner himself would have shed tears of joy over it. It must be added that the famous tenor sings the music so beautifully that it comes with all the glory of a new revelation. No one ever knew before how perfectly melodious this music is.

M. Édouard de Reszke's grand voice and noble physical proportions make him the finest Wotan that has ever been seen. The minor characters are excellently performed, especially Mime, which difficult rôle is presented with notable skill by Mr. von Hubbenet. Mme. Melba essayed the part of Brünnhilde at the first performance, but her voice and style proved to be inadequate. Mme. Litvinne was substituted for her at the second representation and was somewhat better, but by no means satisfactory.

Another event of interest was Mme. Calvé's début as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." Her conception of the part proved to be the same as that of her Marguerite in "Mefistofele"—a thoroughly correct and consistent one, but not at all original with her. She sought by means of significant bits of by-play and vocal tricks to impart especial force to the dramatic meaning of her work, and in general she succeeded. Her acting in the cathedral and prison scenes was excellent, though it certainly did not efface memories of Nilsson and Lucca. In the garden scene she was singularly felicitous in her expression of girlishness; but her work here and elsewhere was marred by false intonation. In fact, Mme. Calvé sings out of tune so frequently as to suggest that her ear is not good. The other members of the cast were those who usually appear in "Faust," but it must be noted that M. Jean de Reszke sang and acted the title rôle with especial enthusiasm.

The third Symphony Society concert at Carnegie Hall was made interesting by the reappearance of that admirable pianist, Adele aus der Ohe. She played Liszt's E flat concerto, a composition not suited to a revelation of her emotional powers. It afforded her scope for the display of a highly organized technic, a splendid range of tone, a brilliancy and crispness of touch, and a masterful fund of reserve power. It was a very inspiring performance and showed that Miss Aus der Ohe has developed artistically since she was with us before.

Mr. Walter Damrosch gave a reading of Beethoven's fifth symphony, which was distinguished chiefly for insistent energy. It was altogether deficient in smoothness, suavity and repose. The young conductor hurried his tempi and forced the tone of his orchestra until a general and distressing roughness was the result.

The sixth of the Metropolitan Opera Musicales, under the management of Messrs. Ruben & Andrews, was given at the Waldorf on Tuesday last, with MM. Plançon and Campanari, Mlle. Le Gierse and others on the program. The large ball-room was crowded, and the performers were received with enthusiasm. These concerts have been very successful.

Education

THE American Historical Association has elected the following officers for 1897: President, James Schouler; First Vice-President, the Rev. Dr. George P. Fisher; Second Vice-President, James Ford Rhodes; Secretary, Herbert B. Adams, and Curator, A. Howard Clark. The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the retiring President, was added to the Executive Council, in accordance with the usual custom, and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Gallaudet was elected a Councilman. The Association will meet in Cleveland, Ohio, next December.

At its annual meeting, at Columbia University, the American Folk-Lore Society elected the following officers for 1897: President, Mr. Stuart Culin, University of Pennsylvania; First Vice-President, Prof. Henry Wood, Johns Hopkins; Second Vice-President, Dr. Franz Boas, Columbia University; Permanent Secretary, W. W. Newell, Cambridge, Mass.; Treasurer, John H. Hinton, M.D., New York.

At its fifth annual meeting, on Dec. 30, at Columbia University, the American Mathematical Society elected the following officers: President, Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the United States Navy Department, Washington, D. C.; Vice-President, Prof. R. S. Woodward, Dean of the Faculty of Pure Science, Columbia Uni-

versity; Secretary, Prof. F. N. Cole; Treasurer, Prof. H. Jacoby, Columbia University; Librarian, Prof. P. Ladue; Committee of Publication, Profs. T. S. Fiske, A. Ziwet and F. Morley; members of the Council for 1897, Profs. S. Newcomb, C. A. Scott and H. White; for 1898, Profs. E. W. Hyde, W. W. Johnson and B. O. Peirce; for 1899, Prof. A. C. Baker, Dr. G. W. Hill and Dr. E. McClintock. Resolutions were adopted expressive of the loss sustained by the death of Prof. Hubert A. Newton of Yale, who was, at the time of his death, the Vice-President of the Society.

During the Christmas recess, the Johns Hopkins University entertained the annual meetings of the American Economic Association and the Federation of Graduate Clubs of American Universities. President Henry Carter Adams of the Economic Association was the first person graduated from Johns Hopkins. Graduate Clubs at Wellesley College, and at Indiana, Missouri and Clark Universities were admitted to the Federation. On Jan. 1 the University entertained at luncheon all the contributors to the recently raised relief fund of \$250,000. The Graduate Students' Association recently gave a reception to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. Addresses were made by Mr. Warner and Mr. Joseph Jacobs of London, who was delivering at the University at that time a series of lectures on "The Higher English Style."

A course of five public lectures on "Practical Religion" will be delivered at Union Theological Seminary on successive Monday evenings at 8.15 P. M., beginning Jan. 11. The lecturers will be the Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom, President Tucker of Dartmouth, William Allen Butler, LL.D., the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. Two lectures on "Hygiene," on the Willard Parker Foundation, will be delivered by Dr. John S. Billings, on Feb. 9 and 23; and eight lectures on "The Bible and Islam" (Morse Foundation), by the Rev. Dr. H. P. Smith, on successive Monday and Tuesday evenings, beginning March 1.

Mr. Robert Barrett Browning is establishing a school at Asolo, Italy, for girls employed in the silk-mills there, thus linking still closer to the place the memory of his illustrious father.

President James MacAlister of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, will give a course of six lectures on "The History of Books and Libraries, including the History of Printing," in the auditorium of the Institute, on successive Tuesday and Friday afternoons, beginning March 16.

Prof. Daniel G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania will deliver a course of six lectures on "The Religions of Primitive Peoples," at New York University, on successive Tuesday evenings, beginning Jan. 12, at 8 P. M. The lectures, which are given under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions, will be published in book-form by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, as Volume II. of the series of American Lectures on the History of Religions.

Baltimore's reform Mayor, Mr. Hooper, has just appointed an almost entirely new Board of Education, with President Gilman of Johns Hopkins as one of its members.

President Harper of the Chicago University has announced a deficit in running expenses for the year 1896, of \$48,000. A policy of retrenchment will be adopted, including the cutting down of funds used in the employment of needy students, and the withholding for a time of scholarships.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, died in Boston on Jan. 5.

Gen. G. W. C. Lee has resigned the Presidency of Washington and Lee University, on account of ill health, the resignation to take effect on July 1. Gen. Lee has been appointed Emeritus President of the University for life. The Board of Trustees has conferred the degree of D. D. on the Rev. John Chamberlain of New York, and of LL. D. on C. S. Hamlin of Massachusetts. The Kappa Alpha Fraternity has secured permission to erect a memorial hall on the University Campus.

An early number of *Harper's Weekly* will contain an article on the Lick Observatory, by Prof. Holden, with many illustrations.

The December *Journal of Pedagogy* began the tenth volume of that well-known magazine with a number fully up to the standard set by previous volumes. Edited solely in the cause of sound education and correct teaching, the *Journal* has kept in view excellence rather than popularity—which is, perhaps, the best way of attaining both.

Prof. Mahaffy has started for a short visit to Egypt, in order to examine new materials bearing on his "History of the Ptolemies."

Notes

MESSRS. Stone & Kimball will publish Ibsen's new play, "John Gabriel Borkman," on Jan. 20. The intrigue of the tragedy is based on a commercial speculation. Other forthcoming publications of this house are "Mlle. Blanche," by John D. Barry, and "Grip," by John Strange Winter (Jan. 20); and "Ziska," by Marie Corelli (Feb. 15).

—Mr. Aymer Vallance's book, "The Art of William Morris," will not be published until some time during the present month, yet every copy has already been sold. It is to be issued in a limited edition of 200 copies, at eight guineas net. Some of the English papers are laughing at Morris's inconsistency in preaching socialism and leaving all his money to his family, who would be well off with only a part of it. Morris's warmest defender in this matter is Mr. Keir Hardie, who thinks that the poet did the right thing, and argues that socialism does not mean, "Divide all and give to the poor." It only means that the government should legislate against one person's accumulating too much money. He does not say, however, what should be the limit.

—Messrs. Roberts Bros. will publish in the course of the month Vol. II. of Dr. Adolph Harnack's "History of Dogma," translated from the third German edition, by Neil Buchanan; and "Addresses and Papers: Enfranchisement and Citizenship," by Edward L. Pierce, edited by A. W. Stevens.

—Waitman Barbe, author of "Ashes and Incense," has just published "In the Virginias," a collection of short stories, illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by John Rettig.

—Some light may be thrown upon the question who is the most popular American novelist, by a reference to the numbers of Mr. Crawford's novels which have been sold in the United States alone, without considering the large number sold in England and her colonies, or the numerous translations made into French, German, Italian and other languages. His first book, "Mr. Isaacs," for example, is now in its fifty-third thousand, while "Saracinesca" scores more than 110,000. "Sant Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Dr. Claudius," "Katharine Lauderdale," "The Three Fates," "The Ralstons," "Casa Braccio" and "Pietro Ghisleri" follow in the order named. The sale of Mr. Crawford's novels in the United States has been, we are assured, upwards of 500,000 copies, even according to the incomplete estimate upon which this information is based, wherein one of the lesser novels is not mentioned at all and some years' sales of others (formerly published by other firms than Mr. Crawford's present publishers) are not included.

—Visitors to Hawarden say that Mr. Gladstone has never seemed in better health than on his eighty-seventh birthday, on Dec. 29.

—The fifth annual Christmas dinner of the staff of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, at the St. Denis Hotel, was also the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the firm. Mr. John H. Dingman, who is the dean of the staff as regards length of service, having been forty-one years in the employ of the house, acted as toast-master, and gave a review of "The Scribner Half-Century." Mr. Charles Scribner, the senior member of the firm, delivered a felicitous address, and then followed the toasts, which were as follows:—"A Merrie Ramble Through Our Catalogue," Rudolph C. Stolle; "Old English Times," Henry L. Smith; "What Book Can We Publish in 1897 that Will Sell 500,000 Copies?" E. W. Morse, Charles Walton, Robert Bridges and F. H. Schaffer; "At the End of Fifty Years," Edward T. S. Lord; "By Subscription Only," F. N. Doubleday; "New Ideas in Advertising," W. D. Moffat; "Our Future With a Silver Lining," L. W. Hatch; "For the Fiftieth Year of the House of Scribner," Robert Gilbert Welsh. The surprise of the evening was the presentation to each person present of a book entitled "The House of the Brains," which had been prepared expressly for the occasion. It was printed in the characteristic style of the Kelmscott Press, and each copy was numbered and presented in order, according to the years of service.

—A painful operation has just been performed upon the arm of Mr. William Watson. The patient is out of danger and progressing favorably.

—"Dr. Nansen is giving all his time to the preparation of his book, and has made great progress with it," says the London *Daily Chronicle*. "He will have finished it by the time he comes to London to deliver a series of lectures on his Arctic expedition. It can hardly, however, be published before the beginning of March, but in any case it is certain to be the book of the spring."

—The Aldine Club observed Wednesday night of this week as "Spook Night." Spirits from the vasty deep were called in large numbers—and came in answer to the call.

—George Meredith has undergone a severe operation, but is recovering rapidly.

—Sir Henry Irving is recovering slowly from his strained tendon in the knee. The Lyceum Theatre will be closed until the doctor permits him to resume the part of Richard III. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has presented to Sir Henry the ring worn by David Garrick when he played the part of Richard, which looks as though the breach between the Baroness and Sir Henry had been healed.

—M. Paul Bourget's "Tragic Idyll" has been dramatized and produced at the Gymnase in Paris, with Mme. Jane Hading in the leading rôle.

—Mme. Modjeska writes to a friend in this city that she never felt better in her life than she does at the present time, although she has been very ill. During this month she will play a short engagement in San Francisco, just to try her strength. In October next she expects to begin a long season in the West, but there is no possibility of her coming to New York to act.

—"Charley's Aunt" has just finished a run of four years at the Globe Theatre, London. As is the case with most successful plays, the managers to whom "Charley's Aunt" was first submitted had little faith in it, and the author sold it for a song. Mr. Penley, who plays the Aunt, was also doubtful of success, but borrowed the money to produce the play. A year or two ago he is said to have put by 250,000*l.* (\$1,125,000) of his profits.

—President Cleveland signed on Wednesday the new dramatic copyright bill.

—The report that Dr. Antonin Dvorák will return to America in September and resume his position as Director of the National Conservatory of Music in this city is confirmed by Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber, President and founder of the Conservatory.

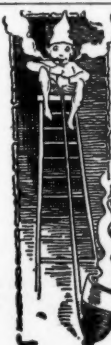
—"The anniversary of the death of William Makepeace Thackeray did not pass unremembered at Westminster Abbey by at least one admirer of the works of the great English satirist and novelist," says a writer in the London *Daily Mail*. "Shortly after evensong an attendant discovered that a bunch of violets had been hung round the neck of the bust in Poets' Corner, and attached was a card bearing the following inscription:—'William Makepeace Thackeray, died December 24, 1863. Adsum. And his heart throbbed with an exquisite joy.'"

—Mr. George W. Cable, has discontinued *The Symposium*, and will conduct an editorial department in *Current Literature*.

—Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard is said to be editing *McClure's Magazine* in the absence of Mr. McClure, who is taking a needed rest.

Publications Received

Barrett, Wilson. The Sign of the Cross. \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bibbel, The Vol II. T. B. Mosher.
Bibliotheca Americana. Indianapolis, Ind.: George Watkins.
Carlyle, T. A treatise on Burns. 50c. American Book Co.
Castellani, George. Handbook of Greek and Roman History. 50c. American Book Co.
Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals. June-Nov. 1896. Cleveland, O.: Public Library.
Cyr, Ellen M. Children's Third Reader. Ginn & Co.
Edwards, William E., and Beir ce Harraden. Two Health Seekers in Southern California. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
First Biennial Report of the State Library Commission of Wisconsin. Madison, Wis.: Democrat Printing Co.
First Italian Reading. Edited by R. L. Brown. D. C. Heath & Co.
Ireland, John. The Church and Modern Society. \$1.50. New York: D. H. McBride & Co.
Life and Letters of William Barton Rogers. Ed. by His Wife. 2 vols. \$4. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Robinson, E. A. The Torrent and the Night Before. Riverside Press.
Russell, A. O. An English Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry. 60c. W. R. Jenkins.
Sand, George. La Mare au Diable. 40c. Henry Holt & Co.
Tennyson's Poems. Ed. by A. J. George. 90c. D. C. Heath & Co.
Thiers, L. de. La Lampe de Psyché. 35c. W. R. Jenkins.
Storm, T. Immensee. Ed. by F. A. Damer. 55c. American Book Co.
Stranger, Arthur J. Epigrams. 50c. London, Ont.: T. H. Warren.



YALE MIXTURE
GENTLEMEN'S
SMOKE

You won't know
the luxury of Pipe
Smoking until you
use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package post-
paid for 25 cents.

Marburg Bros.,
The American Tobacco Co.,
Successors, Baltimore, Md.

Are you interested in Carbon Photographs

(Sizes, 36 x 48, 24 x 36 and 18 x 24 Inches)

of Ruins of Ancient Architecture, European Cathedrals, Abbeys, Castles, Arches, Old and Modern Masters and Statuary? They are exceptionally suitable for the Library, Halls or Staircases, and having been made for Educational Institutions are highly welcomed as valuable gifts to Public Libraries, Schools, and Academies. Write for catalogue to

FRANK HEGGER, 288 5th Avenue,
New York.
IMPORTER OF

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS
of Paintings and Sculpture in the European Galleries and Views from all parts of the Globe.

Patronize American industries

—wear **KNOX HATS.**

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, ETC.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF CELEBRITIES.

Send for Catalogue.
WALTER R. HENDAMIN,
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

H. WILLIAMS
25 EAST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets,
volumes or single numbers.

THE BOOK SHOP, Chicago. Scarce Books,
Back-number magazines. For any book on any subject write
to the Book Shop. Catalogues free.

To Book-Collectors and Librarians

Catalogues of Rare Books and Periodicals issued every
month. Catalogue of choice Americana just ready, also
list devoted solely to Periodicals, both sent post free on
application. Books and Magazines bought for cash or ex-
changed.

J. W. CADBY,
131 Eagle St., Albany, N. Y.

Books—JUST OUT: January Clearance Catalogue of
Standard English sets, in fine bindings, at very
low prices; also, London Weekly Report of Rare
English Works for collectors. SEND FOR BOTH.
H. W. HATKINSON, 180 Fifth Avenue,
The Mohawk Building, New York.

The Mercantile Library,
ASTOR PLACE. Contains 255,000 Volumes
Branches: 426 Fifth Ave and 120 Broadway.
Books delivered to all parts of the city.

BANGS & CO.,

91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York,

will sell at auction,

Monday, Jan. 18th, and following days,

**THE LIBRARY, PART III.,
OF THE LATE HENRY F. SEWALL,
of this City.**

The concluding sale of a very rich collection of
Old English Literature.

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Overworked men and women,
the nervous, weak and debili-
tated, will find in the Acid Phos-
phate a most agreeable, grateful
and harmless stimulant, giving
renewed strength and vigor to
the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me. says:
"I have used it in my own case when suffering
from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results.
I have prescribed it for many of the various
forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed
to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to
Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For Sale by all Druggists

BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.

When calling, please ask for
Mr. Grant.
Whenever you need a book,
address Mr. Grant.

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment
of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices,
sent for 10-cent stamp.
F. E. GRANT, Books,
23 West 42d Street. New York.
Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.

EDUCATIONAL CONNECTICUT



WOODSIDE SEMINARY,
Hartford, Conn.
City advantages for culture and study. Experienced teachers.
Miss RARA J. SMITH, Principal.

S Waterbury, Connecticut.
T MARGARET'S DIOCESAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Spring term opens April 7th, 1897. Twenty-second year. The Rev. Francis T. Russell, Rector. Miss Mary R. Hillard, Principal.

McLean Seminary for Girls.
College Preparatory. English Courses. French, German, Art, Music. Rev. J. B. McLEAN, Simsbury, Conn.

NEW JERSEY

The Misses Anable's English, French and German Boarding and Day School.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.
College Preparation. Art and Music. Apply for circulars.

NEW YORK

S T. AGNES SCHOOL.
Under the direction of BISHOP DOANE. 20th year.
Miss ELLEN W. BOYD, Principal. Albany, N. Y.

4 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York.
Buffalo Seminary.
The forty-fifth year. For circulars, address
MRS. C. F. HARTT, Principal.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY,
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON.
For Boarding cadets only. Completely equipped and beautifully located on Hudson River, near West Point. For catalogue address S. C. JONES, C.E., Superintendent.

New York, Newburgh.
The Misses Mackie's School for Girls.
Academic and College Preparatory. Special advantages in Art and Music. Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley. One and a half hours from New York.

T HE PRECKKILL MILITARY ACADEMY.
Peekskill, N. Y. 63d year. Send for illustrated catalogue.
Col. LOUIS H. ORLEMAN, Prin.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY.
80th year. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.
JOSEPH B. BINKER, Principal, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY

**THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC OF AMERICA**

126 and 128 East 17th Street

FOUNDED BY

MRS. JEANETTE M. THURBER.

(INCORPORATED 1886)

Scholastic Year 1895-96

extending from SEPTEMBER 1ST to MAY 1ST. The faculty embraces the foremost artists and instructors of America, and it may be affirmed that no Conservatory abroad can lay claim to so admirably efficient a corps of teachers.

T HE MINNES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
RIVERSIDE DRIVE,
85th and 86th Streets, New York.

Miss Gibbons's School for Girls.
25th year. Primary and Advanced Classes. Preparation for all Colleges. A few boarding scholars taken. Re-opens September 20, 1896.
Mrs. SARAH H. EMERSON, Principal. 55 West 47th St.

New York City, 181 LENOX AVE., cor. 119th St.
MISS MARY E. AND MISS RUTH MERINGTON.
School for Girls.

FRENCH BOOKS at W.M. R. JENKINS,
Publisher,
851 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.
Complete Catalogue on application.

CORTINA METHOD { (For use in schools
SPANISH, and self-study.)
FRENCH,
ENGLISH,
IN 20 LESSONS, cloth, each, \$1.50.
FRENCH, Specimen Copies, Books I. and II., 30c.
Other TEXT-BOOKS. Send 5c.
Cortina Academy of Languages, 44 West 34th St., N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL OHIO

OHIO, Columbus, 151 East Broad Street.
Miss Phelps' English and Classical
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. College Preparatory, Regular and Elective courses.

PENNSYLVANIA

H AVE YOU a daughter to educate and send to school? Then ask for a circular from MRS. H. OLERO, 4315 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS BALDWIN'S SCHOOL for Girls.
BRYN MAWR, PA.
Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College.
MISS FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal. Within five years more than fifty pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar and Wellesley. Diploma given in both General and College-Preparatory Courses. Fine, fire-proof stone building. 25 acres beautiful grounds. For circular, address the Secretary.

Send your name for a Souvenir
of the Works of Eugene Field,

FIELD & FLOWERS
The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

Edited (since 1881) by J. B. & J. L. Gilder

All subscriptions are payable in advance, names not being entered in our books till payment has been received. In ordering, please state whether subscription is *new* or *old*; and in requesting change of address, always give old address as well as new. New subscriptions run from date of current issue, unless otherwise directed. When only month is named, subscription dates from first issue in month.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

To points in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$3 a year; shorter terms, 25 cts. a month. Foreign postage (Postal Union), \$1 a year; 50 cts. for six months; shorter periods, 10 cts. a month. Handy binder, \$1; with new subscription, 50 cts.

SINGLE COPIES

The price of *The Critic* is ten cents a copy. Back numbers over six months (but not over one year) old, *fifteen cents* a copy. Over one year old, *twenty-five cents*. Many of the earlier issues are out of print and not to be had at any price. Indexes same price as single copies.

BOUND VOLUMES

Vol. I. (old series), covering the year 1881, \$10. Vols. II. and III. (1882 and 1883), \$7.50 each. Each volume of the new series (beginning January 1884) covers six months; price, \$2.50.

THE CRITIC CO., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York

GIFT BOOKS.

Shakespeare's Town and Times.
H. S. and C. W. WARD. Illustrated. 8q. 8vo, \$3.00.

Architecture in Italy.
R. CATTANEO. Translated by Countess I. Curtin-Cholmeley. Illustrated. 4to, parchment, \$7.00.

TRUNLOVE & COMBA,
65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PISTIS SOPHIA.

An agnostic gospel (with extracts from the books of the Saviour appended) originally translated from the Greek into Coptic and now for the first time Englished from Schwarze's Latin version of the only known Coptic MS., and checked by Amelineau's French version, with an introduction by G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.H.A.S. 8vo, cloth, \$2.50. Send for new catalogue now ready.

THEOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
T. E. Combs, Agent, 65 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The New Models OF THE

Remington
NUMBER 6 Standard 7
Typewriter

embody the practical experience of years, and the guarantee of a long-established reputation.

MANY VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"MRS. STOWE IN HARTFORD"

A personal sketch by her friend and neighbor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, appears in the volume of "Authors at Home," reprinted from *The Critic*.

Twenty-six other well-known American authors are similarly treated of in the same book.

Cloth, \$1.50. Large-paper, \$5.00.

THE CRITIC COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York